Warren Spitler
Middleburg
Pa

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THE FATE OF TWO FOOLS.

Another Remarkable Hobo---The Wages of Sin With Interest---A Long Lane With a Turn in It.

By **ALVAH MILTON KERR.**

(Copyright, 1900.)

This is not a gay tale or the moods of it at all happy; still, it has one signal feature—it is true, or, at least, was told me for the truth by one of the fools, and the real fool seldom lies; he somehow makes a vice even of frankness. This tramp was on his last legs, too, and was, not long afterward, in his last bed—for I saw him decently in his grave—and, therefore, he had small reason for juggling the facts. I found him lying in the shade cast by the vine-matted crab trees covering the "tramp's nest" I have visited so often. He lay well back in the shadows, a haggard, unlovely shape, with his unkept head propped on the ragged bundle of his rolled-up coat and vest, and with big hollow eyes gazing up into the leafy vines above him. He seemed steeped for the moment in measureless content, being a good deal cheered by a straw-colored fluid kept in a bottle by him—even whisky has a sort of mercy in it when it has a man certainly killed—and he no doubt would have told a better tale had he possessed one to tell.

As it was, owing to the amber-colored liquid, to him perhaps the story did not seem so very bad. At any rate, terrible as it was he told it willingly and without a tear. After some talk, that need not be a part of this, he said:

"We were born in the same neighborhood on the same day—Furness and I—and that, perhaps, had much to do with making us friends. He was the lustier youngster of the two; no doubt of that, for almost before we had cut our teeth he licked me beautifully. But I was the prettier—at least my mother so maintained, God bless her, and mothers never lie. We were active little animals, chewing our rubber rings and each other's fingers with great appetite, and, for that matter, whatever else chanced to get between our gums.

"I know that as long ago as I can remember I liked him immeasurably. How could I help it when he licked me so easily? What greater cause for reverence could one boy possibly find in another than that? Other boys, too, got sound floggings from him after they had flogged me. That made me worship him.

"Often, too, when he had won every marble I had on earth, he would give them back to me that he might win them over again. He was very generous that way. He always patronized me, but in an off-hand, prodigal sort of fashion, that greatly impressed me. We certainly had some very good times together. I can see him still, in the old swimming-hole on moonlit summer nights, the water a brown mirror of shining oil, with his naked body floating motionless upon it like a prone statue of silver.

"And how infinitely far he could throw a stone! sheer over the great basswood there by the swimming-hole! And what odd things he said! I can recall some of them still; once in particular how he shook my faith in the wisdom of God by asking why, if He was as wise as I made Him out to be, He did not make birds with long necks and long bills like ducks, so they could pull the rats out of their holes, and why He did not place the calves on the front side of our legs, so as to protect our shins, instead of on the back side, where they were of no account. He was born a black sheep, you see; environment, I think, made me one.

"Well, we grew up together, and, as the years progressed, he licked me less often, but, if possible, more beautifully, and after a certain fashion, I continued to adore him. My mother still thought me the handsomer; he certainly continued the stronger. Ours was not a swell community, though notions of culture were plenty enough, and in due time Furness and I, the one being uncommonly strong, the other uncommonly pretty, were sent away to college. Neither of our families could really afford it, but he being so strong and I so pretty, if we could not have gone it would certainly have been a great pity.

"We had poor luck, however; he at least, for by the middle of the second term he had gotten himself expelled, and I came home with him and refused to return. Would I go back to a school so lost to all sense of honor and opportunity as to refuse the shelter of its roof to so strong a youth as Furness? Not I. Why, he had licked every fellow in the college. To turn him away was preposterous! As for Furness, he liked my fealty, but patronized me the more. After all, he had really done so much in a collegiate way, I so little; he was a real hero, I but the shadow. I worshipped him.

"Well, in due course of time we began to straighten out a little. I went into my father's store, he into his mother's mill, his father being dead, and presently, having young mustaches to pull and caress, we ceased fighting and became respectable. Nature certainly made a happy stroke when she hit on the idea of decorating the young man's upper lip. It is, without question, very magnifying, to coin a term; the youth being lifted by these few hairs to a plane impossible of attainment otherwise, save through the employment of an absolute moral derrick. The one unfortunate thing certainly following the labial decoration is the fact that the young man falls in love; sometimes before he acquires the mustache, to be sure, but never permanently or dangerously until after it appears.

"With us the fall was the more lamentable for the reason that we both fell in love with the same girl. She was a yellow-headed, canaryish little creature then, with big, light blue eyes, like morning glories. She could not have bubbled more with laughter had she been a fountain. Furness went wild over her; so did I, but I kept it to myself, for I was far from being as sure of her as was he. However, he suspicioned me, and after that, for one day at least, we were less respectable. To be sure, we went out into the woods and had it out by ourselves, but it was none the less a violation of social ethics. The surprising thing, however, was the fact that for the first time in my life I licked him. Though he has been in his grave these seven years, and I hate him, and helped to put him there, I still feel an odd twinge of sorrow when I remember the look that came into his face when at last I had him beaten. I am still shocked at the insane fury with which I fought him; it surely would have served him nothing had he been once again as strong as he was; it seems to me I should have torn him in pieces had he had not cried enough.

"But with that, as with most victories attained by violence, it gained me nothing—the girl gave herself to him. He was, unquestionably, a well-grown fellow, big and generous looking, and I could not blame her. And, after all, it was Furness; it seemed only fitting that he should have her. Had he not had his way with me all his life? To both of us it had all the consistency and justness of habit, and we were still very like brothers; in spite of myself I still liked him.

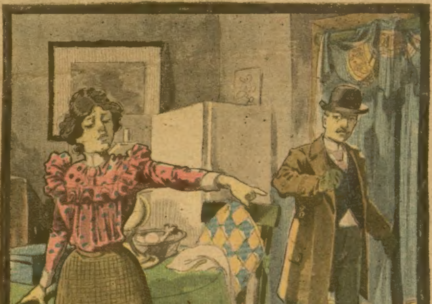
"So I gave it up; I had to. I gave him to understand that I had cared but little, anyway—I had pride enough for that—and to prove it I at once began keeping company with another lady. But it was a business without any heart in it; to me, at least, it contained even an element of horror. But I stuck bravely to it until after they were married, then I knocked off in sheer disgust, and went over gradually to drink and the devil. I went gradually, because I fought against it, and I think, by nature, I was never really yielding and impulsive, but, of course, as we all do, I knocked under when things got too strong for me.

"I attended their wedding. In that one hour the heart seemed burned out of me. I never was the same afterward; it made me hard. Probably I should not have gone, but it attracted me like a hanging. I went through it grinning like a skull. When I approached to congratulate them I saw her turn and whisper to him. I think something in my face frightened her. He only smiled in his old superior fashion and said to me: 'Kiss the bride, Tommy.' I didn't do that; to save my life I could not. I came near dashing my fist in his face instead, for even in that hour of my loss and agony he patronized me and crowed.

"It was then, I think, that I first began to really hate him. A man can't endure everything, can he? Anyhow, whether it comes then or later, the slavery of love in which he had held me turned to gall and loathing. If I wished him dead once I did a thousand times. Still, the thought of murdering him never entered my mind. Even the idea of putting him out of the way indirectly had a hard time fastening itself upon my mind; it certainly never would have secured a footing had he been a good husband to her. But, you see, he was a black sheep; though, for that matter, I was no better. But I had cause, he had none. Do you think it easy to see the man you hate living with the woman you love, and having children by her? Do you believe in hell? You would if you had gone through it, as I did! Well, he did fairly well enough for a year or more, then a baby came. When he met me he gushed over the occurrence, and got hold of my arm and insisted that I should go up to his house and see it. I went. I wanted to see the mother, for, odd as it may seem, I had scarcely slept for a week for fear that she might die bringing his child into the world. She was as white as cloth, but to me more beautiful than ever. I could have strangled him and the child for the pain they had brought her. The baby was a pinkish thing with bleary blue eyes—to me it was a squirming reptile—and they passed it from one to the other and cooed. Damn 'em! I left the house enraged to nausea. I remember that as I came down the doorsteps into the street the sun and sky and buildings looked dim and green as when one sees them through smoked glass.

"I avoided him after that, but every time he ran across me he talked 'baby;' intolerable stuff to me! The sight of him became a pestilence to me. Well, three months

(Continued on page five.)



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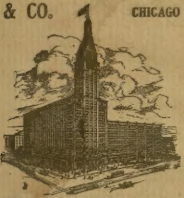

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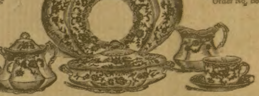

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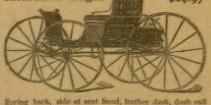

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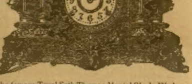

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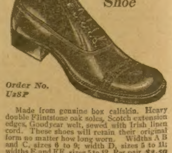

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THE VITAL ISSUE.

Hard Facts---Some Interesting Items Which Are of Paramount Interest to Voters at the Near Election

The press department of the Republican National committee presents the following review and exposition of the issues of the current political campaign:

When William McKinley was elected president in November, 1896, the Wilson-Gorman tariff law, essentially a free trade measure, was on the statute books. The country was laboring under a period of distress, the result of the panic of 1893, which followed the election of Cleveland in 1892. On every hand there were evidences of poverty and want among the wage earners. Factories that today are running over-time—many of them day and night—were either closed, or the men were on short time and the wages of what men were working had been reduced to meet the competition of European factories. Capital was afraid to embark in new enterprises and the wheels of industry were moving exceedingly slowly.

President McKinley was elected in 1896 as the advance agent of prosperity. The people that had suffered from democratic misrule were offered two alternatives. The first was the restoration of business confidence through the application of Republican principles; the second was money inflation and fifty-cent dollars. They chose the Republican candidates.

They asked for an honest day's wages.

They got it.

They asked for a chance to earn a living.

They got it.

They demanded that the rising indebtedness of the government due to the Cleveland administration be checked.

It was done.

They demanded an extension of our commerce abroad.

It has come. Come so quickly that Americans scarcely realize how their foreign trade has grown.

They demanded that we cease borrowing abroad.

It has ceased.

Instead of being borrowers, we are lenders.

They demanded that excessive competition of foreign labor be ended.

That was ended by the passage of the Dingley law.

They asked that every man have an opportunity to support himself and those dependent on him.

He has it.

They asked that the armies of tramps be set to work.

The tramp is no more. He is working.

All of these things are the achievements of three years of Republicanism.

The moment that it was known that Mr. McKinley was successful, there was a brightening. Industry began to revive. Labor took hope. Since the first of March, 1897, there has been an increase in wages of from 25 to 100 per cent in all classes of industry, and today the country is a humming hive of production and manufacturing.

Aside from the ever present and invisible improvement in material conditions in every portion of the country from Maine to California, and from the lakes to the gulf, quite the most remarkable feature of the development of the United States has been the increase of our exports. This is most successively shown by President McKinley in his letter of acceptance, as follows:

"Our trade balances cannot fail to give satisfaction to the people of the country. In 1898 we sold about $615,432,676 of products more than we bought abroad; in 1899, $529,874,813, and in 1900, $544,471,701, making during the three years a total balance in our favor of $1,689,779,190; nearly five times the balance of trade in our favor for the whole period of 108 years from 1790 to June 30, 1897, inclusive."

For many decades America has been known as the granary and cotton field of Europe, but until 1897 or 1899 it did not strike the mind of the average European manufacturer and exporter that a serious and successful rivalry was to be anticipated from this direction. England had done for years a large proportion of the manufacturing of the world. France was noted for her manufactures of fine fabrics; China, silks; while the Germans, whose manufacturing possibilities like our own have been stimulated by the application of a protective tariff, was reaching out for the trade of Mexico, Central and South America, a field which the Germans have been attempting for some years back to make peculiarly their own.

By the middle of 1898 the productive capacity of the country was fully abreast with the power of a prosperous people to consume. With characteristic energy the leading manufacturers, rather than curtail production and limit themselves to the valuable home market, embarked in earnest in the foreign field. American articles of certain lines had already made a reputation for excellence abroad, but as if with one accord, the manufacturers in all lines, sought to create a like reputation.

With amazing swiftness, the duties of the United States consuls in every country were doubled and trebled with answering inquiries. Following this came the representatives of the factories studying the local customs, credits, and the thousand and one details that the exporter must know.

In round numbers the exports of agricultural products have increased by $282,000,000 in the last four years; manufacturers by $249,000,000, mine products by $20,000,000, and forest products by $24,000,000.

The greatest ratio of increase by long odds has been in manufactures. In round numbers it has been 150 per cent. The exports of mine products have more than doubled, and the growth of exports of the products of the forest is almost twice as large as it was in the years of Democratic depression.

The value of all of our exports has almost doubled since the time that former President Cleveland and former Congressman Wilson saw in "free raw materials" the panacea which was to build up our manufacturing interests. That this cry proved their own undoing was owing to the fact that they did not specify what constituted a "raw" material. Thus iron ore in the mine, is raw material to the ore-miner, and a finished product the moment it is shipped. It is raw material again to the furnace man and pig iron is his finished article. The iron became raw material to the steel maker and so on through the history of the same material, until ultimately it becomes finished into steel springs or cutlery or what not.

To show the difference in our exports under free trade and protection the following table has been prepared:

FISHERIES.

1895	$5,328,807
1900	6,289,664
Republican increase	$ 960,857

MISCELLANEOUS

1895	$4,171,974
1900	4,682,142
Republican increase	$510,168

Taking nine of the principal articles of manufacture the increase is still more strikingly put. An examination will show that the exports of iron and steel and of copper manufactures have increased four fold; those of agricultural implements and paper three fold; and others in less proportion, but still at a rate that would be considered most flattering by any country of Europe. The table follows:

	1895.	1900.
Iron and Steel	$32,000,989	$121,858,344
Copper	14,468,703	58,860,995
Agricultural Imp's	5,413,075	16,094,886
Wood (Mfrs.)	6,249,807	11,830,978
Refined Min. Oils	41,498,372	67,740,106
Chem. Drugs, Etc.	7,130,334	13,196,638
Leather and Mfrs	13,739,819	23,980,001
Paraffin and Wax	3,569,614	8,602,723
Paper and Mfrs	2,185,257	6,215,559

Europe naturally remains our best customer. We have been in close trade relations with the European nations ever since the founding of the republic. Prior to the civil war nearly all our commerce was with European countries, and prior to the McKinley administration our exports thither were almost exclusively the first products of the soil. The character of our exports to the old countries is rapidly taking on a change. The American exporter is taking a new view of the old world. Manufacturers are going thither in rapidly augmenting proportion while agricultural products still hold their own. Especially is the new movement true as to railway equipments, recognized everywhere as the best made, electrical appliances and goods of that character.

It should be said that a movement has been instituted to increase the exports to South American countries. The United States is a heavy buyer of South American products, particularly of coffee, rubber, hides and nitre, and the whole region has been more or less neglected. The competition that must be encountered is principally from the Germans who are strongly entrenched in the business affairs of all South America, and also of Mexico and the Central American states.

While our shipments to Europe exceed those of the other continents combined, the greatest ratio of increase has been with Asia, Oceania, and Africa. Segregating Asia and Oceania into one group it will be seen that the shipments to the vast Asian continent and to Australia and the islands of the sea were three and one-half times greater in the year ending June 30, 1900, than they were five years ago. This enormous increase is what has caused the rush for additional ships and shipping room, for better banking facilities and what has convinced the merchants and manufacturers of the country that Alexander Humboldt's prediction, "The Pacific will be the theater of the world's greatest activity," was not wrong.

A careful examination of the Asian exports tell the story of the Republicanism of the Pacific coast states. A large part of this export trade passes through one of the four good seaports of the coast, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland and Puget Sound cities. The Pacific coast instead of being on the edge of American trade has become the center of the American Pacific ocean business, which is expanding more rapidly than any other.

Nor is this opportunity of the Pacific coast people confined to the Asian trade. The commerce with Australia and the islands of the sea is advancing by leaps and bounds. Analyzed, the exports to Oceania show the following:

	1895.	1900.
British Australasia	$9,014,268	$26,725,702
Hawaiian Islands	3,723,057	13,509,148
Philippine Islands	119,255	2,640,449
French Oceania	252,651	222,138
Tonga, Samoa, Etc.	——	146,267
Fiji, Etc.	——	22,281
Guam	——	13,247
German Oceania	——	10,696
Total	$13,109,231	$43,390,927

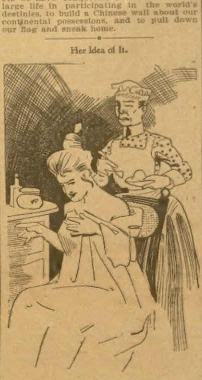
The coast cities also are within easy reach of much trade to the north and south. This is having a healthy growth, the increase from 1895 to 1900, being:

	1895.	1900.
British Columbia	$ 2,100,288	$ 5,566,703
Mexico	15,085,906	34,974,361
Central Am. States	6,629,389	5,926,579
Colombia	2,596,392	2,710,698
Chili	2,794,099	2,287,362
Peru	620,285	1,662,475
Ecuador	725,341	1,216,008
Bolivia	10,888	59,223

The entire country is the gainer by this prosperity on the Pacific coast. Most of the manufactured articles that go to trans-Pacific countries are the products of eastern factories, as the coast states make little of export value, except mining machinery and flour and canned fruits. They reap the greater share of the immediate returns and in the long run the entire country obtains the benefit, directly or indirectly.

This is why the Republican party is in favor of commercial expansion. It has behind it a record of three years of achievements—not promises. With the direction of the country's material policy in Republican control, the United States in an incredibly short time has pushed its products into every country of the known world. The credit of the country is the highest. The reputation of its products is that they are the best human skill can devise. It remains for the voters to decide whether they want a continuance of these things or a return to "Little America," to abandon the markets we have conquered, to shirk from the large life in participating in the world's destinies, to build a Chinese wall about our continental possessions, and to pull down our flag and sneak home.

Her Idea of It.



Mistress—Ouch! What's that. I told you to apply cold cream to my neck.

Nora—Well, an' isn't this ice cream?

Clearly Fraudulent.

Kitty (in aloud whisper)—Mamma, what kind of shop is this?

Her Mother—'Sh, dear! The bill of fare says "cream of tomato."

Kitty (as before)—Well, somebody else has got the cream. This has been skimmed.

Reserved.

She—Our neighbors are dreadfully reserved.

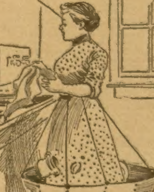
He—Yes?

She—Yes, we've had our new hatrack two days now, and not a soul of them has been over to see how much it cost!

So We All Feel Sometimes.

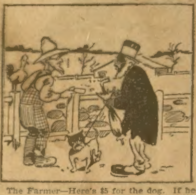
"Nature equalizes all things," calmly remarked the philosopher.

"Maybe nature does," responded the skeptic, tartly, "but I wish she would equalize the extremes of heat and cold in winter and in summer better."

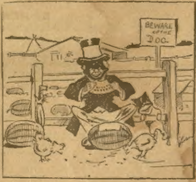


The patent anti-dish-dropping skirt for servants.

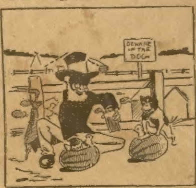
Parson Coalblack and His Faithful Pup.



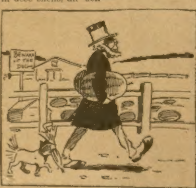
The Farmer—Here's $5 for the dog. If he guards my melon patch as you say he will, he's cheap.



The Parson (next morning)—Think I wasn't coming, Fido?



"Now, we'll just put a couple of chickens in dese shells, an' den——"



"Good-by, Mr. Farmer."

A Misunderstanding.

Mr. G. W. Steevens, in his book, "In India," says that the first sight of that country is amazing and stupefying, because everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. The common crows are blue, the oxen have humps; it is a new life in a new world. In describing the native life, he gives this story of their indifference to punishment:

A simple ryot, the other day, had said good-by to his relatives, and was pinioned, when suddenly he asked to speak again to his brother.

"Recollect," he said, "it's twenty kawa surs of barley that man owes me. Not dawa surs"—which are smaller. Then he turned and was hanged without moving a muscle.

Another man, a Pathan, was being hanged when the rope broke. The warder bade him go up on to the scaffold again, but he objected.

"No," he said, "I was sentenced to be hanged, and hanged I've been."

"Not so, friend," argued the warder; "you were sentenced to be hanged until you were dead, and you're not dead."

It was a new view to the Pathan and he turned to the superintendent: "Is that right, sahib?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Very well. I didn't understand." And he went composedly up the steps and was hanged again.

Financial Problem in Matrimony.

Wife—Really, George, I must have at least three new costumes this summer. My dresses are all rags. I wonder you are not ashamed of my appearance. I am no credit to you.

Husband—I know that only too well, dear. You are a great debit to me.

GODS OF THE MINE.

Story of the Couer D'Alene Outrages--Negro Soldiers and White Miners--The Curse of Idaho.

By **HENRY DALE**,

Author of "Old Cap Ruggles," "Bread or Bullets," "The Salted Mine of Silver Creek," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.
THE LOVER'S TRIAL.

Alonzo Malcolm struggled like a mad man, and had not reinforcements come to the aid of his enemies he could have defeated them and escaped, but the negro soldiers kept crowding over each other and rushing upon him until he was overwhelmed.

More dead than alive he was raised from the ground and dragged down the hill.

The commotion and excitement, with the discharge of firearms, had roused the whole camp and village.

Everywhere soldiers were turning out and shooting at everyone they saw.

One innocent, feeble old man was found dead next morning near the bridge, a bullet through his body. He was in his night clothes and had evidently become frightened by the uproar, and leaping from his bed, ran to certain death.

"Who have you there?" asked Captain Edwards, as the negroes came back half carrying and half dragging their victim with them.

"Dun know, cap, but 'twar sum one as war tryin' ter escape," said a negro soldier, saluting the officer.

"Who is it, captain, who is it?" asked Harry Mills, anxiously, as he hurried forward to the scene.

"It's your man, Mills," the captain answered, holding a lantern close to the poor battered and bruised face of the unfortunate prisoner.

"Alonzo Malcolm!"

"Yes."

"He isn't killed, is he?" asked the son of the millonaire.

"No."

"Very good. I am glad of it. Say, captain, where is the most secure place you can find for this fellow?"

"Why, I would say it was a box car. Take him to the box car; we have one pretty well crowded. Tell the guard I will have the man shot who lets him escape."

"Yes, cap'n," a negro servant said, saluting and hurrying the wretched prisoner away to a box car.

"Now, captain, please come to my office; I want to consult you a moment," said Harry Mills.

They went to the office, entered it, and closed and locked the door.

"Captain."

"Mr. Mills."

"Don't you want a promotion?"

"Certainly."

"How would you like to be a major or a colonel?"

"Nothing would please me better unless it would be a general."

"You know my father stands in with the powers that be."

"Yes, I know it."

"Now, serve me, and I will work the old man, and he will work the powers that be."

"Yes, what are your orders?"

"I want to deal with this fellow, Alonzo Malcolm, just as I please."

"Even to taking his life?"

"Yes."

"You can."

"Then you shall be promoted. The old man will look after that. This fellow has a pretty sweetheart——"

"Oh, yes; I see how the cat jumps."

"No, you don't. He also has a sister."

"What, you don't want both of them, do you?"

"Yes."

"You are not a Mormon?"

"I don't intend to marry either. Marriage is a failure. I am not going to try it, but if I choose to make love to a pair of pretty girls for awhile, who'll hinder me?"

"No one."

"I am rich and can afford such luxuries."

"But I don't see how you can use the prisoner?"

"Well, by threatening him I can make them come to terms."

The villainous captain laughed and said it looked like a good joke, then asked:

"Are you very sure about my promotion?"

"Oh, certainly. I can wag the old man, and he can wag the administration, so in that way we are sure of it."

"Well, how many soldiers do you want?"

"Give me a dozen of your blackest and most savage fellows. Those who love money and whisky most."

"When do you want them?"

"Tomorrow."

"You shall have them."

"And say——"

"Well."

"They must obey me implicitly."

"They will."

"Even to killing?"

"Even to killing."

"But they must not take life until I say so."

"They won't."

Then they parted on the best understanding, and next morning the captain made a careful detail of negroes, who were instructed to obey every order of Mr. Mills implicitly.

Harry Mills during the course of the day called on Miss Annie Malcolm. She was alone in her cottage bowed down with grief.

When someone tapped at the door, she looked up and uttered an exclamation of horror at beholding Harry Mills, the man who had chased her but a few days before.

"Why, my dear Miss Malcolm, don't I pray you, be alarmed," said the newcomer, in his smooth, even tones.

"What do you want?" she asked, trembling with fright.

"I came to learn your wishes."

"My father and brother are both in that awful prison."

"And you want them released?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she cried, eagerly.

He entered, unbidden, heaved a sigh, and dropped into a chair near the door.

"I came to see you, my dear Miss Annie, to tender my services to you. To tender more. I am powerful—I have influence, and I am not a bad man. When I first saw you I admired, yes, I madly loved you——"

"Mr. Mills, did you come here to insult me?"

"Is it an insult to love, Annie? I can no more control my emotions than I can control the winds. I loved you. I wanted to tell you so, but you and your father would not listen to me. I was maltreated and my life threatened because I loved you, a passion which heaven gave me, and which is beyond my control."

"Sir; remember your position; I am poor, you worth millions——"

"Gentle Annie, what has that to do with cupid? The prince has doffed his crown to wed the pauper before, and all my millions I would lay at your feet to truly call you wife."

She started up, a look of horror on her face.

"But I do not love you!"

"You will come to love me. Be mine and I will bring an army chaplain to marry us, then, as your husband, I can demand that your father and brother be released. Being in no way related to you or them, I can not do so now."

She thought his argument reasonable, but was too much stunned to speak. He saw that his plans were working; love for father and brother would overcome the aversion to himself. He arose and said he would give her a day to consider. But she must remember that every hour she delayed kept her father and brother that much longer in prison. It would be better for her to come to a decision soon.

When he left her he stationed two negro guards near the house with instructions that she must not be allowed to go beyond the cottage. Then he went to Hattie Middleton's cottage. She was at home.

Mr. Mills had taken the precaution to see that she should not leave the cottage, for two negro guards had been placed near the door.

"Why am I kept a prisoner here?" she demanded, indignantly, as the young millionaire entered.

"My dear Hattie, don't be too severe on me," he began, in his hypocritical tone, "I am not to blame. The whole country is under martial law, you know, and the soldiers control everything. I can do nothing. But they may have a good excuse for keeping you at home in these times of trouble. You see, we live in great danger. Men are fighting in the streets, hedges, and byways, and your sweet little cottage is really the best place for you. But I came to talk with you on a different matter."

"What do want to talk about?" she asked.

"About yourself, your father is in the bull pen?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"You would like to have him released?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"There is but one way by which your father and all your friends can be released and that matter rests wholly with you. Will you consent to it?"

"What are the conditions?"

"You can have your father, Lon Malcolm, his father, and all your friends restored to liberty and favor by consenting to become my wife."

"And do you think," she cried, drawing herself up to her full height, "that anyone of those friends, least of al, my father and betrothed husband, would consent to life and liberty at such a price?"

The indignation of this prince of monopoly rose to its full height, and with his indignation rose his temper. He became bold and defiant, and swore she should become his wife, that an army chaplain should perform the ceremony or she should witness the execution of all she loved most dear.

Was ever Siberian cruelty or savage barbarism, or the infernal inquisition, more diabolical? Yet through it all the maiden stood proud, bold and defiant. She would not yield. Brave and true as any martyr at the stake she stood defying him.

"I will not consent to become your wife even though you offered me all the crowns of Europe," she declared.

"I don't offer you crowns, I offer you lives," he declared. 'Do you want to see your betrothed shot before your eyes?"

She turned away moaning.

"Oh, heaven, was there ever such a monster, such avillain as this! Begone!"

"I'll go, but you shall witness his execution. Do you see that box car down under the hill filled with human cattle? Look at it well. He is in there. I have only to say the word and he will fall pierced by the rifle bullets of these soldiers."

"And you such a monster ask me to become your wife?"

"Consent and save his life!"

"Leave me and let me never look upon your face again!"

"I will go but, by the eternal, you shall rue the day you rejected my suit, girl."

His face was flushed with ill suppressed rage, and his frame trembled with hate. He left the door and paused at the gate where one of the guards stood to give some order.

She watched him, her face pale as death and her frame trembling with dread.

"Oh, God have mercy on us," she begged, falling upon her knees. "In this hour of sore affliction, when the corruption of the earth in all its awful power comes to overwhelm us, oh, Father, thou ruler of the universe, look down in tender compassion and by Thy divine power devise some means of escape from these pitfalls and snares into which our feet have sunken!"

Meanwhile, the unrelenting man, whose heart was stone and impervious to appeal for mercy, was hurrying away to the quarters of the captain whom he had bribed by promises of promotion to do his fearful deeds.

"What success?" asked the captain, as he entered the tent.

"None; I will have to resort to a more terrible threat. I must have him shot at her door if she won't consent."

The captain shook his head.

"I dare not permit that. My superior officers would at once order my court martial."

"But my father wags the powers that be."

"He can't wag the whole country and even the monopolies must assume a virtue if they have it not. You may torture him by an occasional prod with a bayonet, shoot him if he tries to escape, but such an execution as you propose would not be permitted. We must seem to be doing our duty."

"Can't I march him up to the house and threaten her?"

"Yes, after dark," said the captain, reluctantly, "we must exercise a little discretion, Mr. Mills."

Mills went away not more than half satisfied.

At night the lover was taken from the miserable cattle car and marched handcuffed to the gate of the being he loved. Twelve negro soldiers were about him and escape impossible.

Mills was already at the cottage and the lover could see the pale, tearful face of Hattie at the cottage door.

He could hear her imploring and the rascal's threats.

"Don't consent to any proposition to save me, Hattie," he shouted, and received a blow from the butt of a musket in the hands of one of the negroes that laid him senseless on the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.
CONCLUSION.

When Lon recovered he was taken to the cattle car and thrust in with the mass of crowding, sweating humanity. They were miserable, but scarce more so than the men in the bull pen. The officers ordered the straw burned on which they slept. One dying miner was denied the services of a priest.

Andrew Johnson became insane and while running away was shot and killed by a guard.

Two nights after Lon had been taken to the house of Hattie Middleton, a young lieutenant came and ordered him brought out.

"You are Mr. Malcolm?" said the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"What I am about to do may cause me to lose my commission, and probably my life; but I have learned your story and am determined to rescue you."

"Who are you?" asked Lon, grasping this unknown friend's hand.

"It makes no difference to you, my friend. Let me be nameless. I am, I hope, a humane man, the trusts don't own me, as they seem to own my superiors. I have heard your story and have overheard part of the conversation between Mills and the captain. I know both are rascals. Their design is to ruin the two girls, your sister and sweetheart, and, by heaven's help, they shall not!"

The guards were made to let the prisoner pass.

Some of them were so savage the lieutenant had to draw his sword and threaten them with punishment, before they would let the prisoner go.

"But Hattie and Annie?" asked Lon.

"They are waiting beyond our lines."

"And you will take me to them?"

"Yes."

"Lieutenant, how can I ever thank you enough?"

"Don't try to thank me, sir; I am only doing my duty, nothing more," declared the lieutenant.

Then the two hurried down a ravine and along a narrow ledge, keeping well in the shadows of trees.

When the had gone some distance they came upon the outlying pickets.

The officer stopped and whispered in his ear.

"There are the pickets. It is the last post and I may have trouble to get you through. But you are not a coward."

"I hope not."

"Here is a revolver. Take it and shoot, if necessary, but not unless it is necessary."

"I won't. How many pickets are there?"

"Two."

"Now, my dear friend, I don't want to get you into trouble at all," said Alonzo. "Stay here and let me make my own escape."

"But you have not the countersign."

"No."

"It is shoot straight."

"I can remember that, and it seems very appropriate for this diabolical business."

"Yes; now, after you have passed the pickets go along this road for three miles and you will come to a carriage and fresh horses. The young ladies are in the carriage waiting for you. Drive for your lives to the nearest railway station. Your sister has money to purchase tickets to some other state. Go there and wait until this mad, barbarous persecution of honest sons of toil shall end."

"Before I go, my friend, I want to make a request."

"What?"

"My father and Hattie's father are there; will you see that their sufferings are alleviated?"

"Annie Malcolm's father will be protected with my life, and for your sake, I will do all I can for Mr. Middleton."

For the first time our hero began to suspect that the young lieutenant loved his sister.

He wrung his hand and started toward the pickets.

One of the negro pickets was lying on his back on the ground asleep, and the othed stupidly dozing and yawning as he sat by the roadside.

He heard the tread of advancing footsteps and starting up, said:

"Halt! Who comes da!"

"Friend with the countersign," said Lon, in a disguised voice.

"Den come on an' gib it."

The other sentry now awake got on his feet, and as Lon advanced he saw a pair of bristling bayonets pointed towards his breast.

"Stop!" said one of the guards, who was about six paces away, and he heard the click of a gunlock.

Alonzo stopped and said:

"Let me give you the countersign."

"Who am ye, anyway?"

"Louis Brenz."

"Whar ye gwine?"

"To Mills station."

"But yo' ain't no solger, ye ain't black."

"No."

"Den what ye gwine for?"

"Mr. Mills sent me on a mission of his."

The negroes began talking in undertones with each other. They seemed to doubt the word. They were stupid fellows incapable of keen thought, yet possessed of some sort of animal cunning.

They seemed to think it strange that Mills would send a man on foot with a message.

At last one asked if the message was written or verbal.

"It is not written," he explained. "Mr. Mills wanted me to go to the station and send a dispatch to the governor."

"Guess yo' kin wait till we see 'bout dat.'"

"But I am in a hurry."

"We gwine to keep yo' till the guard relieved, and den we kin send to Mistah Mills an' find out somefin' 'bout it, I reckin."

"Mr. Mills will be very angry and won't let you have any of the whisky I am to order."

This had a very great effect on the negroes, and they again talked in low tones.

Lon's hand was in his coat pocket on the butt of the revolver which the lieutenant had given him. He knew that every moment he delayed was fatal to his plan of escape and yet he hesitated to kill the guard.

His hand had never yet taken human life. Beside to kill one of those worthless negro soldiers would be sure to result in his arrest and conviction for murder.

At last one of the negroes told him to come five paces nearer and stop.

He did so.

"Now, what am de countersign?" asked the negro.

"Shoot straight."

"Dat am it," declared the sentry.

"Then why can't I be allowed to pass?" he asked.

"Come closer, lem me see yo',"

"Better let him go, Jake."

"Doan know."

"Him got de countersign."

"Yes, but don't 'pear to me like um all right."

"An' we lose all de whisky."

Meanwhile the young miner was slowly advancing. Through the darkness he could see the two negro sentries who now stood right in his path. One had his gun at his hip cocked ready to bring it to his shoulder, and the other whose mind was filled with visions of sparkling liquor, was standing at his side with the breech of his gun upon the ground.

"Oh, let 'im go, Jake."

"Pete, you's too keerless; we doan want ter make any mistake, yo' know."

While Jake was talking he was trying to pierce the darkness with his yellowish black eyes. He could see the outline of the man approaching and to him there seemed something familiar.

Lon had made up his mind what course to pursue as soon as he was too close for them to bring their bayonets to bear upon him.

He came up near enough to touch the pickets. One was on his right and one his left.

Pete, who was looking at him, said:

"Golly, dem black eyes, dat face, show fis' work; dis am de feller wot got away, Pete. Ya, ya, we got 'im."

Quick as lightning the butt of Lon's revolver shot out and knocked Jake senseless and the next second, before the idea of what had happened could get through the thick skull of Pete, the butt of the revolver came with a resounding whack upon his head, and he dropped, a quivering mass.

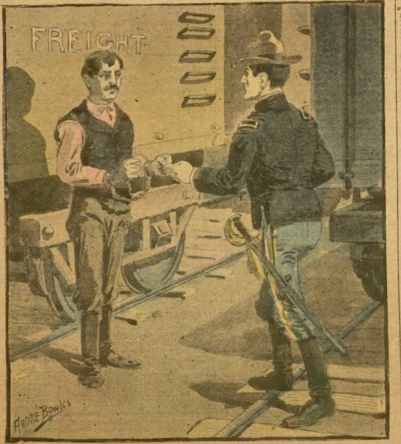
Lon picked up their rifles, took away their pistols, and carrying them to a precipice, half a mile farther on, threw them over, for he did not want to abscond with government arms.

He found the girls waiting in the carriage and they drove fast and furious to the station, boarded an east-bound train for Nebraska, and there they are living safely to this day.

The lieutenant finally procured the release of the fathers of Lon and Hattie, who joined them. Then the lieutenant resigned, went to Nebraska, and is today successfully wooing the fair Annie Malcolm. It is rumored that there will be a double wedding soon in the little Nebraska town. Though Lon is poor he is young and strong and Hattie Middleton has chosen him for her future husband.

We have told only such part of the horrors of this story of barbarism as applies to our story, and have not told one-tenth part of the outrages of the negro soldiers which was recently brought out by the sworn testimony before the congressional investigating committee.

(The end.)



"You are Mr. Malcolm?" said the officer.

Fate of Two Fools.

(Continued from page one.)

afterward their house burned down. It was after midnight, and flames were breaking through the roof and the smoke in the house made the windows look as if the rooms were full of milk. I broke open the door and ran up to their chamber. The fire had eaten through the ceiling and lit up the room; they were lying there, her head upon his arm, the babe in a crib beside the bed. Apparently they were suffocated. I stood and stared and gasped in the smoke. Why not leave them there? I turned and came half way down the stairway, then rushed back and caught her up and ran down and out with her. I kissed her and laid her down upon the grass and ran back again. He had moved and was hanging half way out of the bed. I caught him by the wrists and dragged him like a rag down the stairs and out into the street. I kicked him roughly, partly to arouse him and partly to please my hatred, then left him lying there and went back again. I took up the child twice and laid it down again. I ached to leave it. I think I should have done so but for its mother's white face out there in the moonlight on the grass. I brought the little gasping thing out at last and threw it down upon her unconscious breast and walked away. People were running from all directions. I went to my room; for the moment I hated myself and all of them.

"When Furness learned that I had saved their lives, he was maudling in his gratitude. I could have throttled him. She never mentioned my service; I liked that better; to me the thing was detestable.

"After that he rented a house and made them a home of a sort, but the baby soon died, and he began going to the dogs. He had been drinking more or less for months, in fact, for years; but now he went at it like the true fool that he was. I began to take pleasure in meeting him. I saw his direction and it gratified me. I could not, I think, in any conceivable situation, have murdered him—my training still had too strong an influence upon my deeds—but I was entirely willing to help him kill himself. One's conscience relaxes, you know, as a muscle lengthens by being long drawn in one direction. I found that I had little or no compunction when he was in question. I had wished him harm so long. Then I was drinking savagely, too, but I had a stronger head, or rather, stomach, than he. Again and again I led him beyond his depth and when he foundered helplessly, I threw him into a carriage and had him driven home. I even went so far as to drag him up the entrance way to his house and lean him against the door that I might see the miserable beast fall into the arms of the pale woman who had chosen him. But she loved him through it all. Curse her and curse him.

"In the course of time he took to gambling; liquor nearly always leads to that. The end I hungered for seemed not far away. I won much of his money. When he was drunk it ran through his fingers like water. I put it by for a purpose. I watched the pawnshops, and presently, as I had expected, I found his wife's watch there. With the money I won from him, I redeemed it. I paid daily visits to the shop, and not a week passed that I did not thus possess myself of some object that she loved. A piano that was hers before they were married, jewelry and silverware given her at their wedding, the pictures from the walls of their home, and eventually the greater part of their furniture. Then, as I had anticipated, he took several hundred dollars that did not belong to him, and disappeared, leaving her all but destitute. The end had come.

"He left an envelope addressed to me, containing a letter for her. I deliberately opened the missive and read it. In matters that touched him, I hadn't the least honor, you see. He had made a fool of himself, he said—as if he had need to tell her that—had been a dog and a brute, and had ruined his own life and hers; had tried to reform, but whisky was stronger than he; if he found that he could master himself, he would return some day, if not, he would never come back; he knew she had suffered, but so had he, and the world had been dark since the house burned down and baby died; and —well, a lot of other weak nonsense unworthy of a child.

"It was wine to me. I was intoxicated with my opportunity. I went directly to her with his note. Before I gave it to her, I tried to soften the shock of it with the gentlest word I knew, for with every drop of blood that went to my heart I loved and pitied her. I watched her face while she read his ignoble confession, his message of desertion. With the first sentence her face ran empty of color, and she finished it shaking like a leaf. She sat a moment staring at the dreadful thing, then turned her eyes upon me. A light came out of them that seemed to search me; she read me as if I had been an open shameful book. I stammered out I knew not what. She rose with a dignity that was royal and swept to the door; she opened it and stood a moment waiting, and I walked out like a man sentenced to be whipped at the post. Damn her, how she loved that scoundrel!

"Weeks passed. I grew as mean and savage as a hungry tiger. At last I had her piano and pictures and furniture taken to her house. I carried her watch and jewelry and trinkets to her in person, and flung them down before her, and cursed her for her ingratitude and walked out. I could have killed her; the lion bites until the blood runs when his love is refused; man is only an animal bound with the chains of convention.

"After that I believe she began to like me. For more than a year I avoided her; in all that time I never once spoke to her. She began sewing for a living, and I sometimes saw her tired face from a distance, but I felt that with woman's intuition she had divined my secret dishonor and I kept away from her. At last in sheer starvation of heart I went to her; I poured out my soul before her, and implored her to be my wife. Her face flushed at that, and she asked me if I had forgotten that she was already a wife. I said that her husband would never return, that he was a drunken criminal and unworthy of her; that I would get her a divorce, and that with every fibre of my being I longed to turn her sorrow into happiness. She faltered in her answer to that; for a moment she seemed to hesitate, and my blood bounded with hope; then, fierce and regal under her heaped up wrongs, she rose and transfixed me with that sharpest of all weapons, a woman's scorn. I had done her service, she said, but my very kindness had been polluted with inexpressible outrage; with all the love I professed, I was a liar, a seduces, a robber, a villain, and had helped to ruin another man's home that I might enter into it and possess myself of its chiefest treasure. Every bitter term that a decent woman might use she laid upon me. Her words were like a blinding shower of blows, and, utterly defenseless, I got up and left, staggering like a drunken man.

"I thought it all ended then; I had had enough. I left the region hoping never to see her face again. But the trouble went with me; one does not empty one's heart of love so easily. Though we were far apart my spirit seemed always striving to conquer hers; I believe she felt it so. When something more than a year had elapsed I found myself in New Orleans. I had gone into a patent right scheme and was traveling about the country. One day I ran across Furness in the street. The change in the man was shocking; he was as squalid a sot as ever slept in a hapstack or a city lockup. He did not recognize me at first, and accosted me for a dime, obviously that he might buy whisky with it. I took him by the hand and told him who I was and that for the sake of old times I was sorry to see him so. He began to blubber at that, and asked about his wife. I deliberately told him that she had procured a divorce on the ground of desertion, and that I had married her, and that we now had a child. I intended the lie should knock him down, but, as God is my witness, he took me by the hand and congratulated me, and asked me to treat on my good luck. I thought I had fallen pretty low, but this man—well, only at his best is man more than beast, but at his worst he is less. As for this creature, I simply made up my mind that he had absolutely no right to live.

"Yes, I did treat him; I treated him hundreds of times, and the quantity of liquor a human being can absorb, when it is another man's and you have to pay for it yourself, is appalling. I bought him a new suit of clothes that he might present the outward semblance of a gentleman when with me. I did not make a consort of him, but I supplied him continually with money; he did the rest. With the money I gave him he took his own life as surely as if the weapon had been a knife. Was it murder on my part? Well, I will leave that to the metaphysicians. I know that I despised him and wished him out of the world. I would then return and conquer that woman. You see I was a fool to the end.

In three months time he drank himself into the grave. He never drew a sober breath after I met him. Through all his dementia and the frightful close of his days I waited upon him, and you may believe me or not, but I enjoyed it. Rememebr, this worthless coward had blotted out the sun from my life, had stood in the door of my paradise and cast me forth, and I hated him. Well, when he was no more and the earth was over his head, carrying indubitable evidence of his death, I hurried home. Now there shall be one supreme trial of her soul's strength and mine; we should grapple on leveler ground than before. As when I mastered Furness that time in the woods, I felt that I should conquer or destroy her. And what is a weak, poverty-worn woman before such ruthless love! It seems pitiful to me now when I think of it.

"When I reached home I went directly to her. I found her in her little home sewing for bread as before. Evidently she was still waiting for that drunken scoundrel to return. I broke the news to her as gently as I could. She sat and stared at me, her eyes wide and dry. I fell before her upon my knees and begged that I might be taken into her life, that I might care for her, that I might fill the place left vacant by one who had proved so faithless and unworthy. She got up with all her old-time fiery scorn and repulsed me; she cared more for the dead man in his grave than for me, she said. You have read often in newspaers of men slaying women they love and then taking their own lives? Well, I think I know how they feel. I know that I sprang up and caught her in my arms and would have killed her but that I was seized by a most consuming pity. As it was I crushed her against my heart like a madman. For a quarter of an hour I held her like a vise. I pleaded and implored, I begged and remonstrated, I protested and promised; it was a battle of opposites, the pitting of passion against resentment. At last she was overridden and outdone; she had laid her head down upon my breast and cried like a child. She had yielded, she would be mine, she said. Ah, but it was shameful!

"Then fell the most bitter phenomenon of the whole wretched matter; when she gave up, when she came down to my level, I was overturned by the most utter revulsion of feeling I have ever experienced. I suddenly despised her for her moral weakness. To me it was much as if a Parian statue had fallen from its pedestal into a ditch of slime. The ideal I had worshipped in the woman was dashed in pieces by the fall. How could I endure even an angel who could give herself to such a man as I had been and was? If she had scorned and repulsed me to the last I should have worshiped her until the day of my death. Now she lay in my arms a shattered idol, a weak and conquered thing, and my heart felt cold in my bosom. It was the tragedy of the criminally attained, of the meanly realized, the ultimate pay of fools. I put her from me with what gentleness I could; I did not even kiss her, but turned and left her, and the next day I went my way into the world, as dead and empty a ghost as ever wandered from the human fold. You see me now? Well, you may fancy the rest."

(The end.)

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THE INDIAN SLAYER.

Love and Peril in the Niobrara Valley---Days of Danger and Nights of Fear---A Red Revenge.

By L. C. DOWNINC-THROW.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Broken Feather knelt amid the bushes and watched and listened to the palefaces, clustered in the shadows of the creek. He knew they were unlikely to attack the camp and thought of stealing away and hastening to give warning. Then he thought of Gray Wolf and his designs on the pony—and hesitated.

"Gray Wolf think 'teal pony. Broken Feather hate him like snake. 'Quaws hear shoot. Run away. Gray Wolf not warrior. Heap lie. Heap talk. Maybe him run like 'quaw."

So he hesitated and watched and heard the conversation plainly. He knew what the actions of his people meant, which so puzzled the whites. He knew that his people were about to attack Donald at the quarries, and his wicked little heart thrilled with exultation.

"White boy get killed. Wah! Wish not shoot dog, then."

He watched the rescuing party ride away and listened to their shouts and shots. All at once an idea struck him. He would follow the trail of these men back until he would come to the ranch house. Perhaps he might be able, in the absence of so many of its defenders, to steal a pony, or—glorious thought!—he might get a scalp or two. His eyes gleamed with fire as he rode over the trail. It was the one usually traveled from the house to the ford and was well marked, so he skimmed along at a lively rate. The sounds of the battle came faintly to his ears, but he heeded them not. By-and-by he could see the ranch house and other buildings, and he grew more cautious. He left the trail and rode among the trees.

Half a mile from the house, Broken Feather dismounted and tied his horse among the trees. He would approach the house on foot, keeping well within the shadows. He crept forward, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides—but, alas! for his brilliant calculations—not behind him. He reached the rock wall and entered the enclosure. When within a few rods of the house he perceived on the porch the figure of a young girl. She was swaying to and fro in a home-made hammock, woven of heavy wire and barrel staves, by Dave, the young cowboy. Broken Feather gazed at her for several moments, but there was no sentiment of pity or chivalry in his makeup.

"Ugh! Got hair like corn tassel. Get scalp. Make braids for Singing Bird!"

Now, Singing Bird was a Sioux maiden whom Broken Feather somewhat admired.

He crept stealthily forward across the open space between the trees and the house. Then he stepped lightly upon the porch, yet not so lightly but that the girl in the hammock heard him.

"Mamma! I can't content myself to read. I think every moment of Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Harman and those poor little children. Oh! those dreadful Sioux!"

"Ugh!"

With a scream the frightened girl sprang from her hammock and faced the speaker, or, more properly speaking, the grunter, Broken Feather stood with his tomahawk raised, but it did not immediately descend. It was his first deed of this description, and he enjoyed too thoroughly the sensation he was creating, to terminate it by too speedy action. The moment of diabolic deliberation turned the tide of battle. Broken Feather saw her eyes turn from his face and look away over his shoulder, saw the expression of her face change from horror to pleading, and before he heard her voice calling: "Donald, save me!" he had turned like a flash, with tomahawk upraised.

Donald was upon him like a rocket. The two boys grappled, swayed from side to side, and rolled from the porch to the ground. Amy's cries brought her mother to the door. She grasped in her right hand a cocked revolver. Donald was on top, now, sitting astride the Indian boy and holding the dark wrists in a firm grip.

"Bring me a rope, Mrs. Goodman! I'll tie the rascal. He's alone, you need not fear."

Broken Feather presented a sorry sight as Donald finished binding him and set him against a pillar of the porch. But Donald hardly looked better, except in the face, for his countenance expressed triumph and thanksgiving, while the face of the Indian was convulsed with hatred. Both boys were covered with mud where they had rolled on the ground, while several small wounds bled freely and gave them both a ghastly appearance.

"Oh, Donald, what should I have done if you had not come?" sobbed Amy, who still clung terrified to her mother. "Why, mamma, he had his tomahawk right over my head, and——" the words ended in a shudder.

Mrs. Goodman caught Donald's hands in both her own, but her voice broke over the first words she tried to utter.

"Oh! he is wounded, mamma!"

"Only some slight scratches," Donald hastened to reply. "No, it is nothing, I assure you."

"And all is well with your parents, Donald? And Mrs. Harman?"

"Mrs. Harman, Lena and the baby are well. Little Tommy is very ill, and my mother—is dying, I fear—and my father—" Donald could go no further. He walked to the end of the porch. With a strong will he crushed back the anguish of his heart and when he spoke again his voice was cold and hard:

"We took refuge from the storm in the quarries, for mother had given out. This morning the Sioux camp was moved up to the quarries. We were discovered and had to defend ourselves the best we could. Mr. Goodman arrived just in time to save us. We had a sharp fight. Dave Knox is wounded——"

"Davy! Wounded!" It was the voice of Amy Goodman, as she turned a blanched face to him.

"Yes."

"Badly wounded?" asked Mrs. Goodman, anxiously.

"I cannot say for sure," replied Donald, hesitatingly. "He is wounded in the side. Mr. Goodman told him he would come out all right. I have come for the light wagon to haul him and my mother here in. I will hitch up at once, if you can direct me, Mrs. Goodman. Amy, will you be afraid to watch our prisoner for a few moments?"

"No," said Amy, calmly. "Let me have that revolver, mamma, and I will take good care he does not get away."

Mrs. Goodman and Donald hastened toward the stables. Donald looked back as he turned the corner and saw Amy standing grimly against the wall, her eyes fixed on the young savage, the revolver grasped firmly in her hand. Something had changed the timid, frightened girl into a stern guard. Was it the knowledge of a certain young man lying wounded on the rocky floor of a cave miles away—wounded by a member of the tribe of the prisoner before her?

"How did that boy get here, do you suppose, Donald?" asked Mrs. Goodman.

"Ran away from the tribe to try some exploit of his own planning, no doubt. When I reached the swale down the trail there, I heard his pony whining in among the trees. I thought it kind of strange for a horse to be there and decided to investigate. I did so, and recognized the pony he captured from me this very morning. I saw his tracks in the mud and followed them. I knew he was up to mischief and when I saw Amy in the hammock and him creeping up, I feared he might shoot her with an arrow before I could reach her. She was lying down, that was all that saved her."

The team upon which Donald had been placing the harness were two powerful grays, a team any one in New York city would have been proud to have ridden behind. Mr. Goodman would have parted with a dozen other animals on the ranch rather than lose one of these beautiful studs. They were soon hitched to the light wagon and Donald drove to the side of the porch.

"I'm going to take this chap off your hands, Mrs. Gordon. If anything should happen we can hold him as a hostage. Mr. Goodman says set the signals to call in the men and be prepared in case of an attack. There is a large party of them out and they will be apt to pay you a visit on their way to the sand hills, for that's where they are going. He said close up the gates immediately and keep a sharp lookout. Now, don't get fractious, my young scalp hunter. You are going to take a ride with me. I'll be good company and keep you interested."

With the help of Mrs. Goodman, whose life on the prairie had developed her strength, the squirming, twisting young buck was placed in the wagon, and, for greater security, tied there.

"Wait one moment, Donald," said Mrs. Goodman, as Don climbed to the seat, and she hastened into the house.

Amy raised her eyes timidly to Donald's: "Do you think Davy—will—die?" she whispered.

"Oh, no," answered Don, cheerfully. "We will soon have him home and then, with good care, he'll pull through all right."

Mrs. Goodman hurried out with her arms full of blankets.

"You'll find these'll come handy in bringing in the wounded and sick, Donald. I'm going to bring out a hamper of food, too. I'll keep you but a moment longer."

Amy accompanied him this time and when they returned both carried supplies.

"There's food for all and a bottle of milk for the children. I've put in a bottle of wine, too, Don, for the sick."

Donald thanked her warmly and drove out through the gateway and the stout oaken gate was immediately closed and barred behind him. Donald drove to the swale where he secured the horse which he had ridden and the pony Broken Feather claimed. He was about to tie these animals to the back of the wagon, but, on second thought, he lengthened the ropes which held them, and which he now fastened to the seat. The ponies were thus enabled to run behind the wagon, and, in case he was attacked before reaching the quarries and one of the ponies should be shot, he could immediately cut the rope which held it and thus prevent its dragging and hindering his flight. It was a rise thought and worthy of one much older in years and experience.

Donald knew that the danger of the ride now lay before him and was determined to keep his eyes open and not be taken unawares. Where the trail kept to the open prairie he followed it, but when it led too near the fringe of cottonwoods and brush, where foes might be concealed, he left it and kept to the prairie. The ride was a silent one. Don had intended to try to draw out the young Indian, but he postponed that task, fearing it might detract his attention from the weightier matters.

Mile after mile slipped away, and still no foe appeared. Donald felt a feeling of relief as he neared the bend in the creek, which he knew was but three-fourths of a mile from his destination. Bet oh! what might not lay before him in that short ride? What might not happen in the next few moments?

CHAPTER XV.

"That war a narrer escape and don't ye fergit it, Joe Foster."

"I hain't so sartin o' that, but I jist kinder suspect we didn't do fer from wrong to git up and git. Ye kain't never tell who's a listenin' to yer conversation even out in the middle o' the desert. But who'd a thunk it?"

"Yes, indeed. A woman way out on ther plains all alone at night whar thars wolves and Injuns and—and——"

"Honest white men like me and you, Ben. Ha, ha."

"Now yer squawkin', Joe, but, say, warn't she purty, though?"

"Purty? How do I know? And what do I keer?"

"I don't keer, nuther—much. But she did kind o' remind me o' a gal I uster have, when she rid up like that. That was 'fore I come out west. She wouldn't wipe her feet on me now." The sigh which accompanied these words, sounded like the voice of a soul, long smothered by vice and crime.

"Don't ye go to gittin' sentymental, Ben Wilson, er you and me cries quits this minute, for good and all," exclaimed Joe, angrily. And thus it is ever. For every good resolve or thirsting after a better life, there stands by a temptation to drag down and undo the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

"Don't go to yawpin', Joe," answered Ben, in a half shamefaced way. And there was no more conversation between these two partners in crime until mile after mile was passed.

They had left Lieutenant Greerson and his party and followed the creek on the opposite side from which they had led the cavalrymen that morning.

"Let's take a bee line fer Johnsons, Ben. We kin strike the Niobrary thar and foller it to ther ford."

"Whar d'ye s'pose that lieutenant and his party is now?"

"Hard to tell, pard. If that gal told 'em what she hearn, thar hittin' ther back trail for the Niobrary. If she didn't, maybe thar sittin' thar waitin' fer us to came back and lead 'em; ha, ha, or mosyin' down towards ther lakes."

"Well, ef thar's danger o' them goin' back to the Niobrary, we'd orter be not fur away and if they git too fractious, give 'em our compliments."

"Yer right, Ben, yer right. We don't want to be too cluss to 'em, though. Let's strike off ther trail, hide our ponies yander, and then sneak back and keep watch fer' em. Then we kin foller 'em up and they won't be none ther wiser."

They accordingly did so and half an hour after Lieutenant Greerson and his party had passed, they were again on the trail. They followed the party till the lieutenant halted to camp for the night, then turned back and themselves made a camp in a snale a mile from that of the cavalrymen.

Hardly had their campfire begun to gleam when a voice hailed them out of the gathering gloom from the direction which they had but come. They had no time to be surprised ere a horseman rode up to the camp and dismounted. The hands of the renegades had gone to their revolvers at the first sound of the voice and feeling a sort of uneasiness at the calm gaze of the stranger. Ben dropped his revolver back into its holster and said:

"Thought ye mought be a redskin, but, bein's ye ain't, why yer welcome, stranger. We're jist baout to git a bite o' grub apiece, but thar's 'nough and to spare fer our friends."

"Thank you. My name is Striker."

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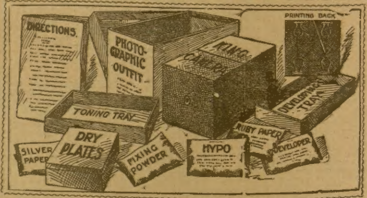

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Indian Slayer.

(Continued.)

"Mr. Striker, glad to see a new face on ther plains. This hyere's my pard. He hangs out by the name o' Joe, fer short. Ye might jist call me Ben, when yer namin'."

The stranger, though no stranger to us, greeted Ben pleasantly, and proceeded to stake out his pony. They talked on general topics after supper had been eaten and pipes produced, when the stranger asked:

"Do you belong to the party who camped at the head of this creek today?"

The men were rather startled for a moment but concluded the stranger could know nothing of their relations to the party, so answered:

"Yes, we did. But they have gone on to the fort."

"To the fort?"

"Yes. They war sojers."

"Oh! I noticed there was a lady among them."

"You must have sharp eyes, mister. Yes, thar was a lady. She is ther sister o' ther lieutenant. She's been a visitin' over hyar a ways and her brother went after her."

"Oh, yes. He had quite a party with him. Is it necessary for so large a party just to escort a lady home?"

"Yes. Thar's remors o' Injun troubles and her brother was gittin' anxious."

"Indians!" exclaimed Striker, as though he did not already know it. He had sized those fellows up at the first glance, and was determined to draw them out before committing himself.

"Yes, so the sojers told us. Thar may have been fights afore this, fur all I kin tell. Did yer come from down lake way, stranger?" inquired Ben, rather anxiously, for he was afraid Striker's next question would be in regard to the whereabouts of the Indian troubles and did not want to name a place anywhere near the places where the stranger had been.

"Yes," answered Striker, truthfully enough, but he did not add that he had since been to Fort Laramie in Wyoming and also covered considerable territory in the valley of the Niobrara. "You say the cavalrymen have gone back to the fort?"

"Yes, thar well on ther way thar now. They left ther camp early this morning and have had all ther day to travel in."

"Did they camp there all night in the rain?" asked Striker, quickly.

Ben was floored. He hardly knew how to answer.

"Oh, no, stranger. I—I didn't 'zactly mean ther camp, but ther ranch. We went into camp about noon. Whar be ye goin', might I ax?"

Striker hardly knew what to say. He would have liked to know more of the two men before saying anything of his own business. He hardly knew of what he suspected them, or why he suspected them at all. But now that he had been questioning them, he knew he had caught them in a lie. He knew the party had not left any ranch that morning, and that the lady in question had come all the way to the creek from the ranch house, alone. He knew that they had not left the camp soon after noon, for when he had entered it at four-thirty o'clock, the campfire was still a mass of glowing coals.

He knew they had told the truth concerning the cavalry, however, for he had seen the prints of cavalry boots in the mud and he knew, too, before he asked them, that they had been of the party, for he had seen the prints of moccasined feet, which he knew had not been made by Indians.

His first glance had shown him that these two men wore moccasins.

"Well," said Striker, at last, "I am halting between two opinions or two trails, perhaps, I had better say. I want to go to the fort, and I want to go to Johnson's ranch, and I don't know which to go to first."

The partners exchanged glances. Joe had kept out of the conversation so far, and had left it to Ben to support their side of it—and was on nettles the whole time in consequence—but now, fearing Ben would make some blunder, suddenly exclaimed:

"Listen!"

Of course all sat silent for a moment, listening intently. Joe arose saying:

"Thought the hosses was makin' some kind o' racket. Reckon I'd best go and see if thar all right."

He walked away passing Ben, as he did so, and giving him a significant nudge. A few moments later his voice came back from the darkness: "Come hyer, Ben, quick! This cussed pony is—r-r-r-r——" and nobody could tell what, but Ben hastened out to him as though the worst calamity imaginable was about to befall and could only be averted by his immediate presence.

"Ben, that feller mustn't go to Johnson's ranch, if we have to slit his wizen. I ain't got no faith in him, nohow. What's he doin' up hyar so fur from anywhar without a bite o' grub? What's he goin' to Johnson's ranch fer? And what's he goin' to ther fort fer? If he was a goin' to ther fort from ther lakes, why didn't he cut across to ther Niobrary trail, 'stid o' comin' so fur west?"

"That's so. That's so," said Ben, grasping only the fact that there was something strange in the affair.

"'Nother thing, how be we goin' to keep our eyes on ther sojers and take keer o' this feller, too?"

"That's so. Shall I put a bullet through his noggin?" and Ben grasped his revolver and turned towards the camp. But the campfire was deserted and the stranger nowhere to be seen.

To say the renegades were startled would be but a drop in the bucket compared with their real feelings. They peered about them in the darkness, they listened to catch the faintest sound he might make if he was near. Then they went and sat down by the campfire and stared at each other. In a few moments the stranger sauntered in from the opposite direction and sat down as cool and unconcerned as you please.

"I thought I'd better take a look at my pony, too," he explained. "He has a fashion of gnawing the rope and loosing himself."

A fact which Joe carefully noted, determined to make use of it, if necessary.

After a little further conversation, in which it might have been noticeable that Joe took the initiative and Ben kept silent, Joe turned to his partner and said:

"'Bout time we turned in, ain't it, Ben? Ye see, stranger, we lost considerable time today by one o' our ponies gettin' kind o' sick, so we made up our minds to start afore daylight in the mornin'."

"I've concluded to go to the fort first, and as it is a long ride, I won't mind getting an early start, too," said Striker.

"Thar hain't no danger o' Injuns this cluss to the fort, still, ye can't always sometimes tell. Me and my pard allus tries to be on ther safe side, stranger. I'll stand ther fust watch and call ye at midnight or thereabout, and ye can call Ben at three. How's that suit ye?"

"Very well, indeed. It is always best to be on the safe side, as you say. Carelessness costs more lives than any other two causes. I'll accept your hospitality for the night gladly. Good night."

So saying, he rolled up in a blanket, turned his feet to the fire, and in a few moments, seemingly, was sound asleep. Ben had followed his example and was soon asleep. Striker had said in his thoughts:

"There is nothing to be feared from them, I suppose, now that they know that I am going to the fort. But I must not be too sure. I'll know more of them by this time tomorrow." And so he had turned in, but not to sleep.

It may seem strange that these two men, in league with the redskins, whom they knew to be miles away, should take such precautions as to keep a watch throughout the night; but they had to keep up appearances before the stranger, for one thing, and another was, Joe was determined to spend his portion of the time in prowling about the camp of the cavalrymen. Satisfying himself that Striker was asleep, Joe left the camp and strode rapidly across the intervening prairie. When within a furlong of the camp which the troopers had made, he became more cautious.

The camp was wrapped in gloom, so that its exact location was difficult to determine. He also knew that it would be well guarded. What he expected to gain by this reconnoisance, it would be difficult to tell. Hour after hour he prowled about, crawling slowly, silently, flat on the ground. He heard the new watch awakened; he heard the voice of the lieutenant asking if all was well and the retiring guard reply:

"All well, sir."

Joe had been crawling about on the damp earth so long that he began to feel the effects of it and an uncontrollable desire to sneeze brought about the results which we have seen in a preceeding chapter. The bullet from the guard's rifle whizzed past him with a sharp "ping!" Joe gritted his teeth and slunk away. When out on the prairie, he sent back the long, dismal wail of the prairie walf and hastened back to his own camp.

Striker was still awake when the sound of the distant rifle shot came faintly through the night. He sat up and listened but no further sounds came to him. When, presently, Joe returned to the camp, breathless and panting, Striker noticed that he carried no rifle.

"That was a rifle shot I heard," thought Striker. "What can it mean?"

It was some time after midnight now, and Joe roused Striker to take the watch and though he kept a faithful lookout, nothing happened during his watch. Ben, too, found nothing to alarm him, as might be expected. Breakfast had been cooked and eaten and the three men were ready to mount their ponies and ride their different ways, when the first faint light of dawn appeared in the east.

"Wall, stranger, me and my partner is glad we met yer. Strike right off that a way and keep a goin' and you'll not be long a reachin' the fort," said Joe.

"Thank you. I've traveled alone considerable, but I always enjoy good companionship. I thank you both for your hospitality and wish you both good luck."

The two cronies rode away to the northwest, while Striker shaped his course northeastward. He had not gone far in this direction when he turned abruptly to the left and rode straight westward. Daylight had now come and Striker saw that he was not alone on the plains. Coming toward him were two figures—a man and a woman. Striker's heart leaped up with one convulsive bound, that left him cold and trembling.

"Is it she? Oh, God! Is it she?"

But before the parties had met, he knew the face of the woman was not the face he sought. He raised his hat with a courteous bow and drew rein. Trooper Wheeler scanned the face of the stranger with a piercing gaze and, seeming satisfied with what he saw, also drew rein with a cheery "Good morning!"

They exchanged a few moments' conversation and Striker asked:

"Am I far from Johnson's ranch?"

"It's not so long a ride, sir, but a dangerous one. The Sioux are on a raid, and were last heard from in the vicinity of Johnson's ranch." Here Striker noticed the girl clasp her hands convulsively. "You'd better ride with us to the fort, sir, and——"

"Thank you, but I must go on. If what you tell me is true, they will need assistance. I suppose Colonel B——, will order out the cavalry when you make your report?"

"He has already done so. They are now somewhere between here and the fort. Lieutenant Greerson and three men are traveling as fast as horses can carry them to the scene now. We left them but a few miles back."

"Then I may be able to overtake them."

He bade them a courteous good morning and rode rapidly away. He soon reached the deserted camp of the cavalrymen. Here he paused for a moment, undecided. Should he go on to the camp where he had spent the night and follow the trail of Joe and Ben, or should he endeavor to join Lieutenant Greerson and his party and aid in the defense of the Johnsons? The latter was clearly his duty, and he was soon following the trail made by the shod feet of the cavalry horses.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Goodman had many qualms of conscience after the departure of Donald Gordon. He blamed himself for having sent a mere boy on an errand where so much was involved, but he need have had no fear, for Gray Wolf was too thoroughly bent on getting the squaws and children away from the scene, to think of dividing his forces and attacking the ranch house. He had seen the departure of Donald and supposed he had been dispatched for reinforcements. To send the squaws on without their tents and other camping outfit, would be madness. But how to get them, when the cowboys were patrolling about the camp, was the question.

But while the warriors of the party discussed and quarreled, Prairie Rose, mother of Broken Feather, began to get impatient.

"Gray Wolf heap 'quaw! All 'quaws!" she exclaimed, disdainfully. "Heap 'fraid of palefaces. White Chief come. Leaping Panther come. Say Gray Wolf 'quaw. Take Gray Wolf tomahawk; take gun. Say Gray Wolf carry tent, cook meat, cut wood, all same squaw."

This was too much for the squaw of Gray Wolf to stand. With a scream of rage she flew at Prairie Rose, who received her with open arms. Then began a scene such as has never been seen in civilized circles. Screams and cries rent the air, while blows fell fast and furious. The council of braves was brought to a sudden termination. Catching up anything that offered in the way of clubs, they ran into the middle of the throng of squaws and children who had gathered to watch the fight, and belabored the combatants over the heads and shoulders until they were forced to desist. When they were finally parted, it was difficult to say who had come off victor. No Cook's countenance displayed several long parallel scratches, the marks of Prairie Rose's fingers, but she also held triumphantly in her hand a huge bunch of black lock which she had torn from her rival's head.

After the fight Prairie Rose drew away from the rest and gazed wistfully at the camp. Then an idea began to form itself in her mind and she began to put it into execution. Looking about to see if she was observed, and finding that no one was apparently watching her movements, she began to move away. She made a wide detour and finding herself beyond the possibility of recall, she struck straight out for the old camp. Of course this movement was observed by someone of the tribe and was immediately communicated to the others, and soon all eyes were turned upon her. The whites, too, were observing her approach with interest.

On she came, perfectly fearless. The consciousness that the eyes of her tribe—and especially No Cook's—were upon her, made her even more determined. She entered the camp and went straight to her own tent which she immediately began to take down. She paid not the slightest heed to the whites who gathered about her curiously.

"Wall, if this hyar hain't a rum go!" exclaimed one of the cowboys.

"What d'ye want, ole gal?" asked Hank.

"Call her pretty one, and maybe she'll tell ye, Hank."

Mr. Goodman laid his hand on her arm and said, not ungently:

"What do you want here?"

Prairie Rose looked up at the speaker. Perhaps the different tone which he used inspired her confidence. At any rate she straightened up and replied, pointing disdainfully at the group of savages by the river.

"Gray Wolf heap coward. Can't get tent. Sit down howl. Prairie Rose not 'fraid palefaces. Tell No Cook, Gray Wolf heap 'quaw. Show No Cook not lie."

This was not all intelligible to the whites but they gathered enough to know that she had come for her tent and cooking utensils. She spoke again:

"Prairie Rose go work now," suiting the action to the words.

"Haw! Haw! 'Prairie Rose!' Boys, take off yer hats to Prairie Rose, the belle o' the Niobrary," shouted Hank, making an elaborate bow, while all were convulsed with laughter.

The old squaw turned and looked at Hank with glowing eyes.

"White man heap fool. Injun come soon. Not laugh then."

The laugh was on Hank now.

"Come away," said Mr. Goodman, "we are not fighting squaws. Let her take what she wants." Then he added, as they left her to her task: "They will probably send others when they see her well received. They will then move the camp to some other place and it cannot be too far away."

"This yere's the doggondest Injun fight I ever hyeard tell on," exclaimed one of the cowboys. "Hyere we set and thar they set, all sucking thar thumbs and a starin' at each other. Why don't somebody git up and do suthin'?"

"For the very good reason, me fightin' cock," returned Hank, "we've got women and children hyere to defend and kain't be the aggressors. Likewise have ther redskins, also, too. Let 'em move thar camp out o' harm's way, and they'll be howlin' round lively 'nough."

"What's ther boss lettin' 'em take thar things away fer, then? Does he want 'em howlin' raound?"

"No, me laddybuck. Can't ye see through a stun wall when thar's a hole in it as big as ther side of a barn? Don Gordon'll git back hyar afores they kin git away. Keep 'em occurpied, thinks ther boss, and give Don a chance to make ther camp O. K. See?"

Before the enlightened cowboy could make reply, someone shouted:

"Don's a-comin'! Thar comes Don Gor-

(Continued on page eleven.)

VARICOCELE

Free Trial of a New Home Cure—No Pain, Operation or Loss of Time From Work.

Every man afflicted with Varicocele will be glad to know that he can have a free trial of a new and wonderful method that cures at home, speedily and surely. There is no operation, no pain, no letting of blood, but a quick relief and a rapid, permanent cure. It is such a brilliant discovery, so different from the worthless suspensories and supporters that every man should send at once for a free trial of the method so he may begin curing himself in the privacy of his own home.

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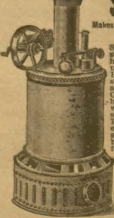
Steam Engine



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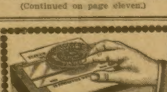

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SHOWED THE MINISTER

And Got Him In Line.

"In a minister's family in Los Angeles where I was visiting some time ago, the wife complained of serious indigestion and dyspepsia. She admitted that she used coffee and said she more than half believed that was the trouble. I told her that I knew it was the trouble, for I had gone through with the experience myself and had only been cured when I left off coffee and took up Postum Food Coffee.

"She said she had tried the Postum, both for herself and her husband, but they did not like it. With her permission, I made Postum next morning myself, and boiled it full fifteen minutes after the real boiling of the pot began. Then when it was served, it was a rich, deep brown color and had the true flavor and food value that every Postum maker knows. It is all folly to talk about trying to make Postum with one or two minutes' steeping.

"You can't get something good for nothing. It must be boiled, boiled, boiled, and to keep it from boiling over, use small lump of butter, perhaps twice the size of a pea. That morning the minister and his wife liked Postum so well that their whole lives were changed on the question of diet and they abandoned coffee at once and for all time.

"Now after a hard day's work, they are comforted, refreshed, and rested by a cup of well-made Postum for supper. They are both enthusiastic in its praise. The wife has entirely recovered from her dyspepsia. I will not go into the details of my own case, except to say that I was a desperate sufferer with dyspesia and discovered by leaving off coffee that coffee was the cause of it. I quickly got well when I took up Postum Food Coffee. I earnestly hope many more coffee drinkers may get their eyes open." Name and address given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Equitable.

"Mr. Scrogge," said the bookkeeper, "this past week I did the junior clerk's work as well as my own. This being pay day I thought it only right to remind you."

"Very good," said old Scrogge. "Let me see, your salary is $12 and the clerk's $6."

"Yes, sir," replied the bookkeeper, beaming expectantly.

"Then, working half the week for yourself is $6 and the other half for the clerk is $3. Your salary this week will be $9."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 831 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Exterior.

Mrs. Pendergast—Here you are asking me for money to buy something to eat with, yet I am sure I smell liquor on you.

Slowfoot Pete—Yes, it's on me this trip, mum. Cork came out while I was on the bumpers and I got it all over me and not a drop in me.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR 181 Marion Street Oak Park, Ill.

Decidedly Otherwise.

"And this is the man," exclaimed Mrs. Rambo, "whom fourteen years ago, I promised to love and cherish——"

"No, m'dear," interrupted Mr. Rambo, grasping one of the chairs as it swam around him and dropping into it. "Man's all made over ev'ry seven years. I'm two removes fr'm th' man you married, m'dear."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Proved His Point.

"Opportunity comes once to every man."

"That's right; and any man is bound to become famous if he only lives long enough."

"Oh, I don't quite believe that."

"You don't? Suppose a man lives to be 150 years old; wouldn't that make him famous?"

Distasteful.

"He is a venerable and holy man," reported the Grand Vizier, "but he teaches that, according to the Koran, the highest and the lowest should pay their debts."

"By the Beard of the Prophet," said the Sultan; "he is too personal. Notify the reverend gent to tackle the higher criticism, or I may send him the bowstring."

A Courteous Offer.

"Couldn't I be squeezed in there somehow?" asked the pretty girl, as she vainly sought entrance to the crowded car.

"If you can get in, I have one arm free," exclaimed a young man in the center of the car.

And the conductor rang six "go-ahead" signals on the fare register.

Right Up With His Game.

"I am striving for the peace of the world," said the first wily diplomat.

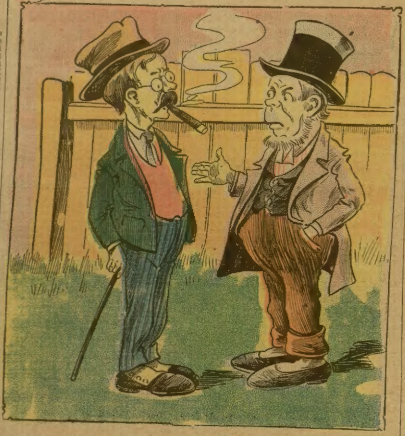
"Which particular piece do you refer to as the piece?" asked the other diplomat, who was just as wily.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?

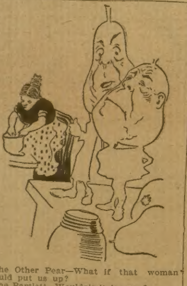
Little Boy—Solomon.

Teacher—Give an example of his wisdom.

Little Girl—He had 600 wives.



Noah Tall—So that pet monkey you bought for your boy died? You were swindled! Why didn't you consult somebody before buying it? The next time you want a monkey send for me.



The Other Pear—What if that woman should put us up?

The Bartlett—Wouldn't it jar you?

Unlimited.

"Bliffkins seems to be a pretty self-confident sort of a fellow."

"Self-confident? Why, he's got more confidence in himself than a woman has in her family physician!"

Sanctified.

"What!" exclaimed the Chinese, affecting to stand aghast. "You continue your military operations regardless of the Sabbath?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Powers. "The concert of Europe is a sacred concert, don't you know?"

The interest of the missionaries was enough, in itself, to bring this about, in all probability.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

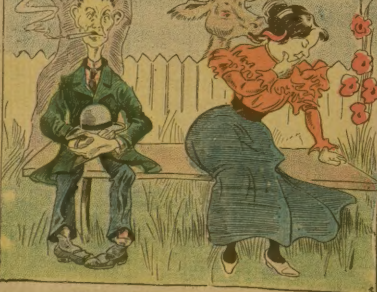
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Correct Guess.

"If I give you a quarter," said Gazzam to the tramp who had requested that amount, "I suppose you'll buy whisky with it."

"Your supposition is correct, sir," replied the tramp, dropping his dialect for the moment. "You don't catch me wasting good hard cash on eatables. I can get them at people's back doors."

SPOONEY SEASON NOTE FROM MUGG'S CORNER.



"Why, George, how affectionate you are!

Scrofula

This root of many evils—

Glandular tumors, abscesses, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions, sore ears, inflamed eyelids, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, readiness to catch cold and inability to get rid of it easily, paleness, nervousness and other ailments including the consumptive tendency—

Can be completely and permanently removed, no matter how young or old the sufferer.

Hood's Sarsaparilla was given the daughter of Silas Vernooy, Wawarsing, N. Y., who had broken out with scrofula sores all over her face and head. The first bottle helped her and when she had taken six the sores were all healed and her face was smooth. He writes that she has never shown any sign of the scrofula returning.

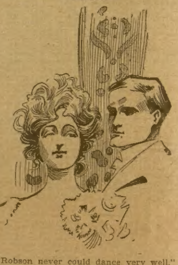
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Ask your druggist for it today and accept no substitute.

Positive Proof.

Yapps—Why do you call Miss Prim's new bifurcated bicycle skirt her confirmation costume?

Dabbs—Because it confirms the rumor that she has ankles.



"Robson never could dance very well."

"Well, he's a finished dancer now."

"Indeed."

"He had one of his legs amputated yesterday."

No Limit.

"I understand that you are a distant relative of the wealthy Goldmans."

"Yes."

"How distant?"

"As distant as they can keep me."

The Only Possibility.

He—Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?

She—I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man.

Four Trains to Cincinnati

Daily, via Monon Route and C., H. & D. Railway. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St. Depot, Dearborn station.

Next Season, Perhaps.

Jones (reading newspaper)—Id like to murder sombeody.

Wife (anxiously)—What is the matter, dearest?

Jones (savagely)—Here, that fresh young reporter, in his account of the Blank affair, has my new shirtwaist down as a pink-and-scarlet creation, when it should be pink-and-sky-blue. And, just to think of it. I gave him a quarter cigar to git it right! O——h!

Highly Enjoyable.

Buggins—I hear Smifkins is learning golf. Does he enjoy it?

Muggins—Says it's great. He has already put three caddies in the hospital.

Nominated.

"What does Mildred mean when she says that she is engaged in campaign work?"

"She means that she is writing her letter of acceptance to Theodore."

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full size knife, made of FINEST STEEL and would be hard to duplicate for $1.25. SEND NO MONEY only your name and address and we will send 15 Handsome Stick Pins. Sell them at 10c. each, when sold send us the money and knife will be sent FREE at once. INTERNATIONAL S. & N. CO., 19 S. Quincy St., Chicago. Girls & Boys send for free catalog and premium list.

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$4 a Day Sure We Pay $4 a Day Salary for a man with rig to introduce our goods in the country. Kansas Food Co., Dept. B, Kansas City, Mo.
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HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.
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STORYETTES.

Misplaced Sweetness.

She was pouring at a tea that afternoon, and she looked unusually bewitching. He was sitting at her left, in a bower of palms that almost concealed him. He was holding one of her hands under cover of the tablecloth, while she tried to pour with the other.

She did not look at him as he talked, but he knew by her color and the little quaver of the hand he was holding that she heard everything he said.

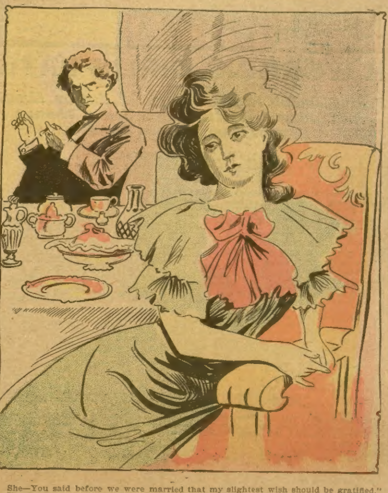
"Dearest," he murmured, as she sent one cup off without a spoon and another filled only with whipped cream, "dearest, if you don't mind my saying all this to you, just drop a spoon. Couldn't you manage it?"

A clatter of silver and more color in the girl's face, as, in stooping to pick up the spoon, he kissed her hand. Spurred by this success, he went on: "Dearest, if—if you return it—that is, if you love me, you know, just put three lumps of sugar into the next cup you pour—'y-e-s.' Or, if you don't, two, to spell 'No.'"

One, two, three. The tiny cup was almost full, but in her haste to hide her confession she covered the three lumps hastily with chocolate and cream, and sent them off.

He asked his mother, as they drove home that night, if she had enjoyed herself.

"Ugh! No!" was her disgusted reply. "Such horrible stuff to drink as they gave one! Why, my cup was half full of sugar."—M. S. Holbrook, in Smart Set.



She—You said before we were married that my slightest wish should be gratified."
He—Yes; but there's nothing slight about a $200 dress.

A Specialist in Housework.

A well known Washington woman advertised for a colored woman capable of doing general housework. The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment.

"Are you a good cook?" inquired the lady.

"No, indeed, I don't cook," was the answer.

"Are you a good washer and ironer?" was the next query.

"I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands," declared the caller.

"Can you sweep?" the housewife then wanted to know.

"No," was the answer, "I'm not strong enough for that."

"Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?" said the lady of the house, exasperated.

The placid reply was: "I dusts."

Melodrama.

Kitty O'Toole, the sweet heroine, and Terence Dwyer, the villain, were about to be married in the Irish melodrama—in fact, the orchestra, concealed behind a bank of palms, were already playing, "O Promise Me," when a courier on a foaming steed dashed up.

"Stay," cried the courier, addressing Kitty. "Your father has just gone into the Belgian hare business and will pay off the mortgage on his humble cot before night."

"Foiled again!" hissed Terence, as, leaping into a waiting carriage, he slunk away.

This ingenious device not only introduces the element of timeliness, but it quite does away with the necessity for a hero, who has almost always to be paid a large salary.

AGENTS WANTED

A $40 COMBINATION MAGAZINE GUN FREE!

Guns of this style have been sold for $40.00 but you can get one FREE.

To introduce our guns and advertise our house, we are going to sell a quantity of these Scott Magazine Shot Guns and Rifles combined for only $7.50. SPECIAL OFFER: To secure persons at once to show and help sell the guns, we will send one person in a town one of these guns for only $3.75, and as soon as you sell two more of the guns at $7.50 each, we will refund the $3.75 first paid, or we will send you three guns all at one time on receipt of only $15.00. The gun has Scott's celebrated rotary action. Empty shell is ejected and gun reloaded from magazine by a simple rotary motion of the wrists. Weight, 6 to 8 pounds; length of barrel, 22 to 30 inches; using standard shot or ball cartridges, of U. M. C. or Winchester make. With this gun you are, as the picture shows, prepared for either large or small game. You can shoot 4 shot or 4 ball cartridges in rapid succession or alternately, as desired. It is really the most wonderful gun of its day. So positive are we that you and your friends will be pleased with the gun that on receipt of only $1.50 as a guarantee of good faith, we will send sample gun, the balance $2.25, to be paid when you receive it and know it to be as represented. You can sell two guns in a few hours after sample gun is received. Try it. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 296 Broadway, New York, or 49 Dearborn St., Chicago, Dept. A C
(This house is responsible and goods are as represented.—Ed.)
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FREE TO BOYS, GIRLS AND LADIES, FOR ONE DAY'S WORK. Watch, chain and charm, stem wind, sunk second dial, nickel, by selling 2 doz. pkgs. Bluing at 10c per pkg. You can have choice of many other valuable premiums; solid gold rings, cameras, tea sets, musical instruments, bicycles, etc. Send name and address, no money; we will forward bluing and premium list prepaid. When bluing is sold, send us the money and select premium. Write now. Brockstedt Mercantile House, 806 N. Bdwy, 117W, St. Louis, Mo.
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A BONA FIDE WEEKLY SALARY. $12 A WEEK and EXPENSES MEN and WOMEN to REPRESENT US Appointing Agents Some to travel, others for local work. Rapid promotion and increase of salary. Ideal employment, new, brilliant lines; best plans; old estabis'd house; BUTLER, ALGER & CO., New Haven, Ct.
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LADIES OR GENTS SIZE FREE Any one can earn this Beautiful Gold-Plated Hunting Case Stem Wind Watch, lady's or gent's size, a perfect timekeeper, also a Solid Gold Finished Ring selling our Beauty Pins among friends and neighbors, also other valuable presents. OUR 60 DAY OFFER, which is apart from the above. Send name and address and we will send you 12 cards of Beauty Pins, 3 pins on a card, sell them at 10 cents per card, send us the $1.20 received, and we will send you FREE, a beautiful Watch-Chain and Charm, also a Solid Gold Finished Ring. Address, Royal Pin Co., Dept. B W Bridgeport, Conn.
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FREE SIX EXQUISITE, COSTLY FINGER RINGS WE TRUST AGENTS with 20 Mineral Lamp Wicks. Best wick in the World, Light Equal to Gas. No Smoke, No Smell, No Trimming, No Broken Chimneys. Can be sold in an hour or two at 5 cents each. When sold send us the money, $1.00, and we give you free any two of these Solid Gold laid rings. The Stone Set Rings are equal in appearance to costly Diamonds. The Band Rings are elegant in design and all are warranted to wear well and give satisfaction. We take back unsold goods. No cash wanted until wicks are sold. Write to MINERAL WICK CO., Providence, R. I.
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FREE TEA SET 56 PIECES. FULL SIZE FOR FAMILIES Any one can easily earn a beautifully decorated 56-Piece China Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set, full size for family use; also a handsome Gold-Plated or Silver Watch, Chain and Charm—ladies' or gent's size—and a gold-finished Pearl Initial Pin. You can get these presents for selling our Thimbles. We mean what we say and guarantee to do just as we say. We don't ask a Cent. If you agree to sell only 30 thimbles at 5c. each, send at once your name, postoffice address and nearest express or freight depot, and we send goods; when sold, you send us the $1.50, and we send you a Watch-Chain and Charm, ladies' or gent's style, and a Pearl Initial Pin with any letter you wish, together with our offer of a 56-piece china set, same day money is received. ☞ These are not dolls' sets. There is no chance about it. If you comply with the offer we shall send you, the 56-piece china set will be given free. Remember every set has Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher, Teacups, Saucers, Bowls, Fruit and Cake Plates, etc., all given away to introduce our goods at once. Any newspaper will tell you we are reliable. CHEMICAL SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 7 No. 40 W. 22d St., New York City.
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28 YEARS OLD.

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—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

No man ever flatters the woman he truly loves.

Porto Rico should not complain. We have given her golf.

The front parlor is the most popular of all court rooms.

The error of a moment may become the sorrow of a lifetime.

It looks as if southern China might also need a little laundry work done on it.

Anyone who still thinks that figures will not lie should take a look at those in the service of the campaign prophets.

Shakespeare wrote very good plays, but, as Professor Triggs is aware, Rockefeller can write bigger checks than could the bard.

If the miners' strike is really over it will take the man whose business it is to lower the price of coal a long time to find it out.

Sir Thomas Lipton is much more successful in causing the pork market to get a move on than in imparting speed to a yacht.

George Washington—"first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—is now also first in New York's "Hall of Fame."

Numerous developments go to prove that a woman's political club makes a mistake when it secures more members than there are official positions in the organization.

A large sale can safely be predicted for the shah of Persia's book, for no matter how bad it may be there is not a subject of his majesty who would not rather buy the book than lose his head.

A St. Louis girl ate half a wedding cake and retired to dream of her future husband. Next morning she declared she would rather live and die an old maid than marry the man she saw in her dreams.

At a conference representing the faculty committee on athletics of the principal American universities, held at Brown university a few days ago, new rules for athletics were adopted, looking especially to diminishing the time now devoted to this branch and to providing against professionalism. This is a move in the right direction and will tend to restore athletics to its true place of honor in university life.

A WORKING GIRL'S FATE.

Four Fiendish Faces---Story of Tragic Events in Chicago---Written by a Young Woman Who Took Part in Them.

By KATE V. CARSON.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by the author.)

Begun in No. 40, Oct. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

MY FIRST EMPLOYMENT.

Was my trouble pursuing me?

I could not help asking myself that question as I saw Senator Fahrenheit's brother draw Mr. Kidds to one side and engage him in earnest conversation. I watched them narrowly but neither of them looked toward me or in any way indicated that I or my presence there was under discussion.

Their talk was drawn out through eight or ten long minutes, then the man whom I had seen Mr. Manxley knock down went away smiling, leaving Mr. Kidds on very good terms with himself, and I was glad to believe my late pursuer had not seen me and was probably not aware of my presence at Dr. Grabb's obesity cure.

As I was congratulating myself on my lucky escape, I heard someone speaking to me, and, turning around, I saw Miss Potion, who said:

"That was Mr. Fauncy Fahrenheit, a brother of Senator Fahrenheit's and a great friend of Dr. Grabb's. He dropped in likely to find out when the doctor is expected back to Chicago; you know he spends a good deal of his time in Buffalo and Philadelphia, where he has stores about like this one, only not so large. Our business is a peculiar one, but I guess you will catch onto some of its ins and outs before you have been here long. But here comes Mr. Kidds."

Her face was now covered with a smile that seemed to go into her hair as she turned the back of her head towards Mr. Kidds and walked back toward the iron-grated corner of the big room which contained the desks of Dr. Grabb, the manager, the city salesman, and the bookkeeper, and was dignified by the title of general office. As she receded, she fell into a movement that was half dance, half skip, and announced tunefully and somewhat vociferously that she was going to telegraph her baby. It was a declaration in ragtime that I did not understand, for I was far from being up-to-date in popular songs, my latest accomplishments in that line being "McGinty," "Dasiy Belle," and "After the Ball." Songs do not get around to the village I came from very early in their careers.

I had little time to bewail my musical shortcomings, however, before Mr. Kidds cake-walked up to me singing an affirmation that all opossums appeared the same to him, which I did not understand until a few days later, when Miss Potion explained that he had sung "coons" and not opossums and that "coons" meant "niggers."

Mr. Kidds crooked his elbows and raised them even with his ears, so that his hands hung one on either side of his face, and, tipping his head over his right shoulder, spun round and round half a dozen times, then sat down, puffing and grinning in my face, on a packing box, labeled "Dr. McToucher's Electro-Fako Sure-Shot Anti-Obesity Slugs."

"Miss Carson, I believe," he began, and when I nodded he went on, talking rapidly: "Miss Potion says you have applied for a position with us. You seem to have impressed Miss Potion very favorably and I must say I think you're all right. You're quite pretty, Miss Carson—oh, dear." Then he paused and sat looking at me as if he half expected me to indorse his opinion of me. "Oh—ah, Miss Carson, I'm so glad you ain't fat."

"So am I," I said heartily; "it must be unpleasant to be fat and it don't add to one's attractiveness."

"'Tain't that so much, Miss Carson," Mr. Kidds hastened to explain. "I'm pretty fat myself. Dr. Grabb weighs about two hundred and fifty, the commercial man weighs two hundred and twenty-five, 'Surcingles,' as we call the lady who makes our fat-reducing bands, weighs about a hundred and eighty or ninety, one of our stenographers, a German girl from the North side, weighs two hundred and forty, and we have several other employes weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds more than their height warrants. Now when people come in here to get their flesh taken off they look us over and laugh and ask us why we don't take our own medicines."

"And why do you not?" I asked innocently.

"For two reasons, yes, three of them—the remedies would not reduce our flesh, they would make us sick, and we are here to sell medicine, not to take it."

After that frank avowal from Dr. Grabb's manager, I was not at a loss, unsophisticated as I was, to comprehend something of the moral status of the enterprise with which I was seeking to identify myself and, wanting the work so badly, I was trying to remind myself that the business was not of my invention, that I had nothing to do with its obligation to its patrons, and that I would acquit myself of all responsibility if I performed faithfully such tasks as might be given me, when Mr. Kidds said further in the same confiding spirit in which he had spoken before:

"I am glad, too, Miss Carson, that you ain't thin and scrawny."

"So am I," I said, again, this time encouragingly.

"And well you may be, my dear Miss Carson, for then you wouldn't be such a pretty girl as you are. Now I want to tell you that all of our employes that ain't fat are awfully scraggy. Miss Knocker, our maker of corsets for corpulent women—everyone here calls her 'Clamps'—is really too small for her skin, and the sight of her is a discouragement to fat women, for when we tell 'em she has been brought down from a hundred and seventy-eight to a hundred and fifteen by our remedies, they get frightened lest the slugs and so on will shrink 'em up and make their skins look like misfits, too, and so we lose business by overdoing the thing. Now, Miss Carson, you're all right and if you'll permit us to represent that you've been reduced by Dr. McToucher's slugs from about a hundred and sixty-five or seventy to a hundred and twenty-five, you won't have much else to do except whenever Dr. Grabb is here, and then we all get a hustle on us and keep it in action whenever he is in the office, which ain't a good deal, for he's a gay old boy, and makes the fat folks pay for a lot o' fun for him and a gang of advertising special agents that's bound to keep strings on him as long as there's any spondoolix in sight. If it's all right, Miss Carson, it'll be a tenner to you every week. How is it?"

He was offering me nearly twice as much as I had expected to get at the beginning and while his proposition did not appeal to me in all its aspects, I resolved to try the place. As Miss Dean had suggested, I could quit it at any time if I should not like it.

And so I became an employe of Dr. Grabb, proprietor of Dr. McToucher's remedies for corpulency, and a living, breathing testimonial to the efficacy of "Dr. McToucher's Electro-Fako Sure-Shot Anti-Obesity Slugs" and his alleged flesh-reducing corsets and bandages.

Mr. Kidds said he would give me something easy and pleasant to do to begin with and he brought me about a thousand photo buttons, representing him in the feminine costume in which he said he did his famous woman's rights speech, and set me to enclosing them in envelopes addressed to members of the Economical Order of Freshwater Irrigation in which he asserted with an amusing assumption of modesty he had long been a prominent light. I was thus employed that day, and next morning he put me to work at a typewriter copying several songs that he stated he was to sing in a lodge entertainment the following Friday night.

I protested that I could not operate the typewriter and could work more profitably to the house otherwise, and he informed me that he wanted me to learn to use the machine and Dr. Grabb might as well pay me to practice on the songs as on anything else.

Next day, which was Saturday, he kept me busy tying little tassels to cards on which was printed a picture of himself similar to the one on the photo pins, and had three or four others putting Dr. Grabb's postage stamps on his souvenirs to the number of fully fifteen hundred and carrying them out and mailing them in convenient letter boxes up and down the street.

At the end of the day I was paid with Dr. Grabb's other employes and went to my boarding house, wondering by the way if Dr. Grabb was able to stand such a leak in his business and if he would be able to maintain his enterprise in spite of it. Miss Dean told me not to worry about that, but to get all the practice on the typewriter I could at Dr. Grabb's expense and to think of my own advancement, not there particularly, but in a general way, and when I thought it all over I admitted to myself that her advice was sensible and worth following.

Sunday morning just at nine, Mr. Clifford Manxley was announced and Miss Dean and I went down to the parlor to see him. He congratulated me on having found profitable employment so soon and laughed with me when I recounted my somewhat amusing experiences, then said, thoughtfully:

"Your danger there is from Mr. Fauncy Fehrenheit, but if you keep me posted as to passing events I shall be able to help you, I think."

CHAPTER XII.

A "JARRER" AND A "SHOCKER."

In a week I had struck up a familiar acquaintance with "Clamps," the maker of fat-reducing corsets; "Surcingles," the maker of bands "to absorb surplus flesh;" "Slugs," a young lady who bottled pellets every day in a little side room that had no ventilation; and "The Captain," as Miss Potion was familiarly called; and I found them all companionable enough and all willing in a half jocular way to give me what they called "pointers" on the business, which in some obvious ways appealed to my sense of humor quite strongly.

As for Mr. Kidds, he was always smiling to me, though I early grew to despise him for his little meannesses to some of the helpless young people under his supervision as well as for the many sneaking and unmanly thinge he did every day in a business way which were, in one way and another, forced upon my attention whether I was disposed to take notice of them or not and I was not slow to conclude that he would treat me as badly as I saw him treating others if he should get a grudge against me for any reason, real or imaginary. One day he came to me and asked me abruptly if I had a piano. I replied that I did not own one, but that there was one at my boarding house, whereupon he suggested that he might "come out some evening and put it through its paces."

I hardly felt like acting on this broad hint until I had advised with Miss Dean, and managed to change the subject without much awkwardness. Later in the day Miss Potion, in the course of a little confidential talk, intimated that a good way to get along with Mr. Kidds was to make something of him socially. This set me thinking, and when I mentioned the matter to Annie, who was folding circulars beside me and singing in a subdued and not unmelodious voice, she threw back her head in a way she had and laughed and said carelessly:

"Well, if you want to invite Mr. Kidds out to your house, you won't have to exert yourself to entertain him. All you'll have to do will be to sit and look and listen, and he'll keep the whole house guessing."

Later, I understood what she meant. In some respects, I liked Annie better than any one else about the place. She was pretty and she was always smiling and friendly, she was not envious or deceitful. There were others there that could not say any of those things about, particularly Miss Potion and Miss Knocker, both of whom were willing, as I had discovered, to advance their own interests at the expense of those of anybody else in the establishment.

Miss Dean consulted with our landlady, and then advised me to ask Mr. Kidds to spend an evening at our boarding house. "It will help you," she said, "and will harm no one here—in fact, I think it will be funny, and we'll all do all we can to hep you out. If it is possible for Cousin Clifford to come, I will have him here. I don't suppose you'll object to his presence."

Of course I took considerable pains not to let Miss Dean know how far I was from objecting to Mr. Manxley's presence at what she humorously termed "our prospective swor-aye." We agreed that Miss Potion must be invited and I told Miss Dean I wanted to invite Annie. When I spoke of Annie to "The Captain," the latter stuck up her nose, but made no objection to my plan, and when I asked Annie to come with the others she replied without the slightest show of being put out about it:

"Oh, Miss Carson, that wouldn't do at all. They don't think me good enough to go with them, though, honestly, I don't know why I'm not, and between the two of them they would make it cost me my place if I should accept your invitation, though I thank you for it right down to the bottom of my heart. I like you, Miss Carson, and I wish you'd ask me to go some time when it will be better for me. I know you won't tell them I said so, but I've seen some awfully mean things done round this place."

That afternoon Miss Knocker told me ill-naturedly that she had heard I was "working the manager for favors" and she hoped I wouldn't "get left." I made no reply and she gave me a frown that had plenty of evil promise in it. Perhaps I had made a mistake in not inviting her, too. Miss Dean did not think so, however, and did all she could to reassure me on that point.

"I know all this is annoying you, Miss Carson," she said, "but there are always unpleasant people and unpleasant happenings wherever you work, and now you will take care to give no one the advantage of you. Keep one eye watching all the time for Mr. Fauncy Fahrenheit and don't let him find you there at any time when he calls, for if he is a close friend of Dr. Grabb, as Miss Potion told you he was, he could do you greater harm through the doctor than any of the others could do you in any way. Our politic invitation to Mr. Kidds and Miss Potion will put you right with them for the time being and you can doubtless conciliate Miss Knocker by judicious management."

My greeting of Mr. Manxley was more cordial, if it was less demonstrative, than my greeting of Mr. Kidds, when they arrived, separately, at the boarding house on the appointed evening. Miss Potion came alone, but Mr. Kidds took her home.

Mr. Kidds was scarcely in the house before he announced his intention to "try the piano," and I am certain he did try it painfully, if it was sensitive and self-respected, for he wrung from it numerous and various sounds that such a piano as I have mentioned would be ashamed of having been tortured or betrayed into making.

"A little off," he said, critically, as he dragged his heavy hand over the keys and evoked a more distressing wail of agony than any we had heard before, "and I'll have to smash right down on my baritone and drown it out. Miss Potion will play my accompaniments for me; she's used to my style and execution. Miss Potion," he announced, with a grand flourish, as he threw ten or a dozen pieces of music down on the piano.

Miss Potion teetered across the room to

the piano and plumped herself on the stool with two or three explosive rag-time exclamations and began to pound the keys with a vigor that it seemed to me threatened the integrity of the instrument. Then she stood up and whirled around scowling and cried out in an explosive way: "It's out of tune and perfectly disgusting," and sank back to the seat and began to play something that I thought was "Old Dan Tucker" until Mr. Kidds burst out singing, "My Gal's a High Born Lady."

His voice was harsh and uncultivated and he did not spare it. It seemed impossible for him to stand still and he was ceaselessly on the move, advancing, retreating, side-stepping, jiggling, cake-walking, pirouetting and high-kicking, never gracefully, always with a smirk of the most offensive self conceit on his coarse and repulsive face. But, try as he would, he could not make more noise than the piano, which fairly trembled under Miss Potion's sledge hammer manipulation, and he was never heard as he wanted to be heard except at times when Miss Potion would let up and go waltzing round and round him as he sang. Often she aped the manner of the most inartistic music hall singers and went off into vocal flights that almost silenced him.

At times they waltzed together, humming their music, and at other times they did cake-walks along original lines, one of which had for a grand finale the tripping of Mr. Kidds over a stool, followed by a headlong plunge under the piano.

The program, which was not exhausted until eleven o'clock, and included no other performers, was varied by solos by Miss Potion and by comicalities and recitations by Mr. Kidds, including five minutes of falling over a sheet, one end of which he held over his shoulder while the other dangled under his feet, and the delivery, without his many times photographed costume, of his celebrated "woman's rights speech," which ran for twenty minutes.

When the two sat down, hoarse and tired, after more than three hours effort, protesting that they could have done themselves much more credit, had the piano been in better condition, a gentleman who had come with Mr. Manxley, seated himself at that long suffering and much misrepresented instrument and performed on it with a style and brilliancy that made Mr. Kidds and Miss Potion very much dissatisfied with themselves, and when our boarding house quartette favored us with some good selections well rendered, the manager and "The Captain" suddenly discovered that it was growing late and took their departure somewhat hastily as soon as Mr. Kidds could throw one of his self-advertising buttons at each guest, "just as a souvenir," he said, "of this little jarr[illegible]"

When Mr. Kidds and Miss Potion were gone, the landlady picked the badges up and said she had use for them as she was shy on clothespins, and no one protested against their being utilized in that way.

I told Miss Dean I was afraid Mr. Kidds and Miss Potion would blame me for the unsatisfactory way in which their evening had ended, but she said that was impossible, as I had had nothing to do with inviting the performers by whose superior skill and more cultivated taste they had been discomfited, and she was right, for the manager and the bookkeeper both greeted me pleasantly next morning and Annie told me Mr. Kidds had told Miss Knocker they had had a lovely time. As for "Clamps," she did not say good morning to me and scowled at me all the forenoon, but in the afternoon, after having taken lunch with a Hoosier acquaintance, who was visiting the city to dispose of a trunk full of muskrat skins, she was in a better humor and stopped by my chair and said she hoped we would become better acquainted. I replied politely but not very pointedly, for, to say the least, her manner was a little suspicious and what she would have said next was suppressed by the entrance of a woman who stationed herself before a distant counter and motioned impatiently toward Miss Knocker.

She was the same woman whom I had known as "Mrs. J. Pritchard Tolliver."

CHAPTER XIII.

TEMPTATION UNTO DEATH.

I was shocked when I saw the woman whom I had known as Mrs. Tolliver, and I was surprised when I heard Miss Knocker exclaim:

"Great Scott! There is Miss Gasper."

So she was not Mrs. Tolliver, but Miss Gasper. I remembered that Mr. Manxley had doubted her being Mrs. Tolliver and I admired his shrewdness more than ever. I was certain that Miss Gasper had not yet seen me, and was making my way toward a rear room, when Miss Knocker came to me and stopped me with a detaining hand.

"I wish you would let Miss Gasper see you," she said. "I have been telling her that the treatment has done wonders for you. You see, she is awfully put out about being so fat, and has spent a lot of money with us and has not been reduced a pound, and it will be necessary for us to jolly her along a little. She is very, very anxious to get into better form."

I laughed as I thought of this woman trying so desperately to become shapely and charming in the eyes of Senator Fahrenheit and it would have been a good joke to me if I had not been so much afraid of her. I saw that I was in a dilemma from which it might not be easy to extricate myself with disclosures which I did not want to make then and there.

Try as I would, I could not think of an available excuse for not meeting Miss Gasper then. I was sure that to let her know of my presence there was the last thing that I ought to consider. Before I could decide what would be best, I saw Miss Gasper coming toward us and I knew that the bold way was the only way open to me now.

I ran forward and confronted her suddenly and gave her a greater surprise than she had given me. I believe she would have cried out had I not called her quickly by her real name and startled her with the knowledge that her identity was known to me.

"Yes," I declared, in a low, tense voice. "I know you. You are not Mrs. Tolliver. You are Miss Gasper, and you want to get thin and graceful so that you will be a more pleasing sight to Senator Fahrenheit. I can help you about that, but if you try to make me any trouble here I will have you punished for opening my Cousin Berintha's letter to Mrs. Tolliver, and Mrs. Tolliver will help me do it, for she is opposed to her brother's dirty schemes, and has a little money put aside to make it warm for you whenever she gets a chance, and I'm thinking if Senator Fahrenheit's sister should put you in the penitentiary, you'd have to whistle for a long time before Senator Fahrenheit would do anything to help you out. Is it to be war or peace between us? Speak, quick!"

"But I did not open that letter," she said, "and if I had opened it you could not prove it. I found the letter already opened and used it."

"You forget that Mr. Fauncy Fahrenheit would be very willing to swear to it," I went on, determinedly, for I was certain I had the woman frightened and was resolved to press my advantage as far as possible.

"You know Fauncy Fahrenhiet would swear to that," I repeated.

"Yes, he would swear to about anything to injure me," she assented.

"And you forget, too, the cross-eyed woman we saw in the depot. She saw you masquerading as Mrs. Tolliver and saw you show me the letter and she has told me that she will gladly do anything in her power to help me at any time."

"All right," she whispered, "I promise to do nothing to cause you trouble. I will tell no one here that I ever saw you before. What are you doing here? Are you the young lady who claims to have been so greatly benefited by Dr. McToucher's corpulency cure?" And she laughed disagreeably, as I had heard her laugh before.

"No, the young lady who was reduced thirty-five or forty pounds by Dr. McToucher's remedies is not here now," I said, truthfully, but evasively. "I advise you to consult our physician and he will consider your special needs and prepare a course of medicine for you that is not likely to fail of good results. I will introduce you and there will be no charge for consultation. Come with me."

I accomplished two objects. I satisfied Miss Casper concerning the treatment and thus served the financial interests of Dr. Grabb and I effectually separated Miss Gasper and Miss Knocker for that day, for Miss Gasper, after dealing with the physician, left the establishment by another door than that by which she had entered.

I managed to meet her as she passed through a distant hallway and to give her another strong warning not to put any sticks in my path if she wanted a clear road for herself. She listened to me patiently enough and then said uneasily:

"Miss Carson, you should return that document you took that day. It is not yours, and is valuable to its owners."

"I am not ready to do that."

"Have you opened and read it yet?"

"No."

"I have an idea that paper tells where a great deal of gold is hidden," she said, "enough to make anyone very wealthy, and I don't believe that cranky warning about its being death to anyone to open the packet—I thinking it's only a blind."

"Would you tempt me even to death?" I asked, "and why?"

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Indian Salyer.

(Continued from page seven.)

don'

All eyes were now turned on him. He had just rounded the bend three-quarters of a mile away. The Indians, too, had seen him. There was some hurried mounting and a moment later they were riding to intercept the brave boy.

The Indians were scarcely half a mile to the south and a little west of the quarries. Donald was three-fourths of a mile north and a little west. The Indians were mounted on ponies; Donald drove a powerful team but was held back by the two lead horses. The Indians would pass quite a little to the west of the quarries.

The cowboys rushed out to intercept them, but Mr. Goodman paused a moment and noticed that Donald was swerving out to the eastyard. Quick as the flash of an electric spark, the whole field of action passed through his mind. If they should try to intercept the Indians at a point directly opposite the quarries [illegible] the savages would surely pass them by and even two or three would be sufficient to ruin all. But if his men should take a north course they could get in between Don and the savages and give him a chance to reach the caves.

Shouting to his men to follow him, he rushed away on the course indicated. Don [illegible] their intentions and kept to the eastward. The Indians, too, perceived it [illegible] [illegible] best to thwart it. Both parties [illegible] attack with rifle and revolver [illegible] the battle raged fiercely.

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"Had a falling out?"

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"H'm, stranger," responded the native, "thar's people in my section that will vote any way for fifty cents."

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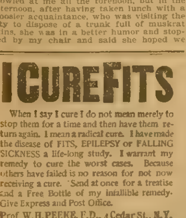

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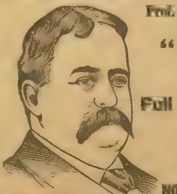

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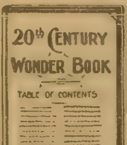

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CHAPTER IX

THE STRANGER—OSCAR'S DISCOVERY.

What had become of Darcy Emerson?

This was a problem that none of them could solve

The boys looked at each other with deep [illegible] on their faces, and Riggles shook his head gravely.

"I can't understand it," he said, in a strangely perplexed manner, "fer the youngster was hyar not a half hour ago He wouldn't go away on his own accord, an' if anything had happened ter him would have raised the alarm."

Tim rose from his blanket, his face white with a vague fear, his teeth chattering.

"I said we ought to get out of this!" he declared, as he drew on his clothes in nervous haste. "I say the place is haunted by an Evil Spirit! If not, how came [illegible] to disappear right from our very side, and then come back without hands? Now Darcy is gone in the same way! Will some one tell me what has become of him?"

"I reckon we'd better git a move on us an' find out," suggested Riggles. "Who will go with me? Let one come an' the rest stay ter guard the camp."

"I will go with you," spoke up Oscar.

"Then let us be off."

The two went to the place where Darcy had last been seen, and lighting some torches they made a careful inspection of the ground.

There was not the slightest trace of a struggle to be seen.

"This completely beats me!" declared Riggles, in deep perplexity.

For a half hour they searched carefully in the vicinity of the camp, and then they descended into the valley and continued their search.

But the night passed without anything being discovered that would give the slightest clue to the mystery.

At daylight the next morning the little band of adventurers assembled at the camp to decide on some course of procedure.

There seemed to be nothing further that could be done. All efforts that could be made had been put into execution, it seemed, to find the missing Darcy, but without avail.

After a brief consultation it was agreed to move the camp to the creek and begin search for the treasure, in case the outlaws were not already on the ground, and meantime one or two of their number would be [illegible] to keep a lookout for Darcy.

"It may be that he was captured by Danglers and his men," said Oscar, "and in that case, the best thing to do, it seems to me, would be to reconnoitre the outlaw's camp tonight."

So they fell to work, and the outfit was soon loaded in the wagon, and after a note had been left directing Darcy where to come in case he should return to the spot, they set out along the valley.

It was no small task to find a trail to the spot they desired to reach, and the short journey occupied several hours.

Meantime, a close watch was kept for any signs of the enemy.

But the valley lay as silent as if it had never been visited by man. There was no wind blowing, and the stretches of alkali plain that lay beyond the range of low hills looked a picture of desolation.

Some vultures hovering over a distant hill were the only signs of life that met the eye as the little band made its way along the winding trail to the valley.

Riggles walked in advance, scanning each feature of the landscape closely, and stopping now and then to make sure that he was on the right trail.

Descending between two hills, they came into a narrow valley, walled in my beetling cliffs and watered by a rushing stream, which dashed over jagged rocks as it went thundering on its way.

"This is Elk crick," explained Riggles, gazing about him with an air of satisfaction, "an' over yonder is Black Butte. If this ain't the right locashun, then my name ain't Riggles."

A spot having been selected for the camp, work of unloading the wagon was begun.

The spot chosen was well adapted to the use of the party—a little cove, walled in on three sides by a line of boulders which rose several feet above the level of the ground, yet commanding a good view of the surrounding valley.

"An excellent place ter defend ourselves in, in case we have a scrimmage with them devils," was Riggles' comment as he surveyed the place with an approving nod.

By the time everything about the camp was in ship-shape it was well on toward noon, and after kindling a fire, Ike set to work to prepare dinner, while Riggles made a reconnaissance of the valley.

The boys felt much depressed in spirit over the mysterious disappearance of Darcy and they stood in little knots about the camp gravely discussing the matter.

"If we could only be sure he has not fallen into the hands of Danglers and his men I should be more hopeful," said Oscar, in deep concern.

"If you fellows had taken my advice and got out of this the first night we spent in this beastly place, we might now have been clear of this business," complained Tim, petulantly.

"But regrets aren't going to help us now," replied Oscar. "What we want to discuss is something that can be done, and not what might have been."

By the time the midday meal had been prepared Riggles returned, reporting that no sign of any human being had been discovered in the valley.

"Perhaps Danglers and his men have skipped out," suggested Tim, with an expression of relief on his countenance.

"Not a bit uv it," declared Riggles. "They aire up ter some deviltry, and ye can depend on it."

When the midday meal had been dispatched, the little party gathered about the camp to discuss the situation.

It was finally decided that, while Riggles should begin search for the treasure, two of the party should reconnoiter the valley, while the others should remain at camp.

This plan was carried out, but as it was now late in the afternoon, Riggles was unable to accomplish much, and spent most of the evening in taking a careful survey of the surroundings.

About an hour before sunset Oscar and Ike, who had been making an exploration of the valley, returned.

They reported having made no discoveries and nothing had been seen of the outlaws.

About dusk the faint sound of a wagon could be heard approaching. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and presently a covered wagon hove in sight.

It was approaching from down the valley, and was driven by a seedy-looking man of apparently about sixty.

The stranger would occasionally break out into some familiar song as he cracked his whip over the lazy mules that drew the creaking vehicle.

When within some twenty yards of the camp he suddenly discovered the party of campers, and bringing his mules to a halt, he got out of the wagon.

"Howdy, gents," he greeted, as he strode forward, whip in hand. "I reckon ye couldn't tell a feller whar this pesky crick can be forded?"

"I reckon ye'll find no place ter cross near hyar," replied Riggles, as he returned the greeting.

The stranger stood looking up and down the creek for some moments, a look of vexation on his face.

"I wanted ter git out uv this pesky valley before dark," he said, at length, "but I reckon I ain't goin' ter meck it."

"Ye'll find it perty dang'rous travelin' in the dark through these gulches," remarked Riggles.

"Right ye aire," returned the stranger. "But blame my cats if I'll spend another night in these hills if I can help it. Mebby I might manage ter cross the crick an' if I can, I'll be off."

He walked down the slope and gave a close inspection of the bank and the stream.

"I reckon I'd better not tackle it ternight," he concluded, as he slowly retraced his steps.

"I guess it would be best not ter," suggested Riggles, "fer ye'll find it a rough road fer daylight travel."

The stranger, who gave his name as Hartman, proved to be of a very garrulous turn, and he and Riggles fell into conversation.

As Hartman was unhitching his team he explained that he was on his way to Gulch City, having come from Dubuque, Iowa.

"I hear that this is a perty hard country," he said, in the course of his remarks, "an' it pays a feller ter keep his eyes open."

"So it does," agreed Riggles.

"As I war comin up the ridge a mile or so away," went on Hartman, "I run onter some mighty [illegible]-lookin' fellers—four or five uv 'em—prowlin' about the gulch. They didn't come near me, but I got my ole gun ready an' made tracks out uv thar."

At this Riggles and the boys exchanged glances.

"It war Danglers, an' no mistake," nodded Riggles.

"Who's Danglers?" asked Hartman.

"He's a perty tough character," replied Riggles, "an' one that it's perty safe ter keep away from."

And he went on to give some of the history of the outlaw leader.

"Gee whillikins!" ejaculated the stranger. "It is lucky I fell in with ye, fer them devils might 'a' held me up ternight an' I wouldn't lose them mules uv mine fer half the blamed country."

Hartman proved to be quite a fluent story teller, and he regaled his auditors with stories of his adventures for more than an hour.

When it was time to turn in, the stranger rolled his wagon into the little enclosure, took out his blankets and spread them before the fire and threw himself thereon.

Riggles and Ike were to take the first watch and were to stand guard till midnight, when they were to be relieved by

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The Phantom Bicyclist.

(Continued.)

Oscar and Albert.

Oscar was much worried over the events of the past twenty-four hours, and it was long before he could banish the thoughts from his mind.

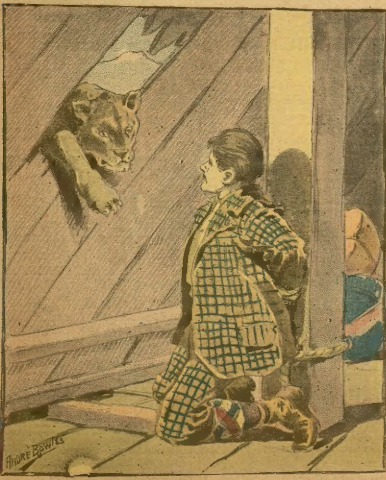
Presently he grew drowsy and was just falling into slumber when he awoke.

He coud hardly explain why he had awoke, for everything about the camp was quiet.

The fire had burned to a low mass of embers, which sent a dull glow out into the gloom.

He was about to close his eyes again when he happened to glance in the direction of the stranger's wagon. As he did so he made a most startling discovery.

The side of the wagon sheet was slightly pushed up, and in the opening he saw the evil visage of Danglers, the outlaw!



What he saw was the head of a huge mountain lion.

CHAPTER X.

DARCY EMERSON'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

We must now return to Darcy Emerson, whose strange disappearance had so mystified his friends.

After the departure of Riggles, Darcy resumed his walk along his beat, making an effort to shake off the feeling of drowsiness that he found creeping over him.

Below, the valley lay black and silent, only the low murmur of the night wind breaking the monotony.

Darcy descended the slope for some distance, listening intently for any sound of a prowling enemy.

It was his aim to penetrate a considerable distance into the valley before returning to his beat, and assure himself that there was no one lurking in the vicinity.

When nearly an eighth of a mile from the camp he came to a pause, and after listening for a few moments without hearing any suspicious sounds, he was about to turn and retrace his steps when the gleam of a light some distance ahead arrested his attention.

The light was moving slowly at right angles with the direction he had been pursuing and was evidently carried by some person.

Here was a discovery, and Darcy was resolved to investigate and learn, if possible, who the stranger could be.

He crept cautiously forward, keeping in the shadows of the bushes, all his senses alert.

Now the light suddenly disappeared in a clump of bushes, and for an instant Darcy was sure that it had been extinguished; but presently it could be seen moving down the valley at a more swift rate of speed.

He followed, walking hurriedly, but being careful to make no sound that might betray his presence.

Turning around an angle in the trail, he arrived within a hundred yards of the light.

A faint outline of the figure carrying the lantern was now visible, and Darcy could hardly suppress a cry of surprise as he perceived that the mysterious person was a girl.

The rays of the lantern flashed across her person for a moment revealing a lithe figure, clad in a short frock of some dark material.

She smiled with a quick, elastic step, her soft footfalls scarcely audible.

Who was she, and what could have brought her to that out-of-the-way place all alone?

Darcy was determined to solve the mystery.

While he stood staring at her in amazement she came to a sudden pause, as if bewildered, and glanced quickly about her.

As she did so the rays from the lantern she was carrying fell on her face.

It revealed the features of a girl of perhaps fifteen—a sad face, beautiful, too, with a pair of dark eyes that glanced in a half frightened manner about her.

Darcy stood gazing at her for a moment, then he stepped forward and was about to speak to her when a twig cracked beneath his feet and quick as a flash the girl sprang into a thicket and disappeared.

Darcy hesitated for a moment, not knowing if he ought to follow her, seeing that she appeared so anxious to avoid being seen.

But he hesitated only a moment, and then he strode forward, determined to speak to her—to assure her that she had nothing to fear in his presence, if nothing else.

Reaching the thicket where she had last been seen, he paused to glance eagerly about him.

The girl was nowhere to be seen.

The light had vanished, and she had disappeared as mysteriously as if she had sunk beneath the earth.

He strode into the thicket, looking carefully among the foliage as he proceeded.

Suddenly a dark form arose from beneath his very feet.

A little gasp of terror came from the girl's lips as she stood facing the intruder.

"I beg your pardon," said Darcy, "if I have frightened you, and I want to assure you that you have no cause for alarm."

Something in his tone seemed to reassure the girl, for she did not offer to flee from him, as he had half expected she would, but with a quick movement she swept back the folds of her cloak beneath which she held the lantern, and holding it so that the light would fall on the youth's face, she glanced at him quickly.

"Ah, it is you," she exclaimed, in a tone of infinite relief. "I was so frightened—I thought it might be—one of the others——"

Something told Darcy that she had mistaken him for one of the outlaw gang.

Then she had spoken as if she had recognized him.

Her remark puzzled him.

"My name is Darcy Emerson," he said. "I am from Omaha, and am here with a party of friends—members of the O. K. Bicycle Club—for an outing. May I ask if we have ever met before?"

"Never," she said, "but I am glad I have met you; you can do me a great service—if you only will."

She paused abruptly, looking at him appealingly.

"I shall be only too happy," replied Darcy.

"Then come."

Without another word she turned and led the way along the dim path that led down the valley.

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But the childish voice is almost unheeded. The wife and mother has come to a place where love cannot comfort her, where even the voice and words of love are so blent with her own misery that they seem to increase it.

Imagine a magnificent orchestra playing in a factory amid the ring of hammers and the rattle and groaning of machinery. The discords would dominate the harmony and the harmony itself merge into discords. That is the way it is with all the music of love when a woman is wrenched and racked by pain. It seems to become part of the very discord of her life.

When the cause of this suffering is sought it will almost always be found to be womanly disease. The throbbing head, the aching back, and the dragging-down feeling are but symptoms of a disordered and diseased condition of the delicate womanly organism. When this fact is understood the one thing for the weak and sick woman to do is to look for a cure of the disease which causes her misery.

WHERE SHALL SHE TURN

for healing? If a woman were lost in a western prairie and found several paths which might lead to safety, she would take the well-trodden path in preference to the one which showed faint signs of travel. Why not the same in sickness? There is a road to womanly health which has been traveled by hundreds of thousands of women. Read what some of these women say.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicines to other suffering women," writes Mrs. Mary Adams, of Grassycreek, Ashe Co., N. C. "I had internal trouble very badly until it resulted in ulcers of the uterus. I was troubled with it so that I never slept a night for seven weeks. The doctors said I could not be cured, but I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets.' After taking two bottles I could sleep all night, and after taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Pleasant Pellets,' my case was cured. I thank God and your medicine for saving my life."

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"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

If you are persuaded to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription because it has cured other women, do not allow the dealer to foist on you a less meritorious medicine which he claims to be "just as good." There is no other motive for such substitution except the little more profit made by the dealer on the sale of the less meritorious preparation.

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Above Freezing.

Tenant—This flat is freezing cold. You don't give us enough heat.

Janitor—Freezing cold? Not much. You can see for yourself that that lake in the picture on the wall isn't even skimmed over around the edges.

Waiter—How do you like the cheese, sir?

Bon Vivant Huh! It isn't half bad.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, we were assured it was thoroughly ripe.

The Phantom Bicyclist.

(Continued.)

Darcy followed, mystified and bewildered by the girl's strange conduct.

He hardly knew whether he ought to question her further.

Why should she be so reticent?

There was some mystery about the whole business that roused the curiosity of Darcy to the highest pitch.

He glanced at her face as the rays of the lantern fell upon it, and he noted with something like a thrill that she was beautiful.

There was that about her manner, her movement, her very presence, that impressed him strongly.

What service was it that she desired him to perform for her?

Who was she, and above all, what was she doing alone at that hour and place?

These and many other questions of a similar character, passed rapidly through the mind of Darcy as he walked by the mysterious girl's side.

They were now following a narrow path that wound among patches of plum bushes that fringed the edge of the larger growth of timber.

For more than ten minutes they walked on in silence, traveling briskly down the gorge.

"I beg your pardon," said Darcy, at length, "but you have not informed me as to whom I have the pleasure of addressing——"

"You may call me Juanita," she said, briefly. Then her lips closed and she relapsed into silence.

"A very pretty name,' ventured Darcy, secretly wondering why she had only given her first name. "Do you live in this vicinity, Miss—Juanita?"

"Only staying for a short time," she replied.

Her manner of replying convinced Darcy that she desired to avoid being questioned further, and politeness forbade him to say more.

So absorbed had he been in the incident of his meeting with the girl that he had lost sight of the fact that he had been on guard and should not have left his post without notifying his friends.

But now as the thought came to him he realized that it was too late to return as he was more than a mile from the camp. But he would hasten his return, and then he could explain his absence.

He could not help reflecting on the surprise his absence would create among his friends, and he regretted that he had not gone back and informed them of his intended going away before proceeding so far.

However, it was now too late to retrace his steps and nothing remained for him but to first see his adventure to the end.

They had now penetrated a narrow pass, shut in by high cliffs, whose gloomy shadows lay deep across their path.

"How far is it to the place where you are stopping?" Darcy ventured to ask, feeling a desire to say something.

"Only a short distance," she replied briefly. "I am sorry to have occasioned you any trouble," she added, after a moment's pause, "but——"

"Pray do not mention it," said Darcy, hurriedly. "I am only too glad if I can be of service to you."

"You are very kind," she said, in a voice that sounded strangely soft and melodious.

A few minutes' walk brought them to a clump of bushes that grew close against the wall of the cliff, and here the girl came to a halt, and for a moment she stood gazing about her, as if to make sure of the location.

Then she parted the foliage, and bidding Darcy follow, entered the cover.

So thick was the growth that it was with difficulty that they made their way through it. Presently they paused before the face of a cliff, and parting a mass of vines that covered the rocks, a narrow opening was disclosed.

Into this the girl stepped and leading the way along a rocky passage, soon entered a more spacious chamber.

A glance told Darcy that he was in a cavern of considerable dimensions.

The floor was covered with a layer of soft white spar as fine as sand, which yielded to the feet as if it had been the softest of carpet.

The walls were, for the most part, of a whitish stone, which reflected the rays of the light in a thousand bright points.

Huge stalactites hung from the conical roof, some reaching to the rocky floor, giving the chamber the appearance of some great cathedral.

At the end of the chamber a smouldering fire was burning, its dull, red glow shining through the gloom like the eye of some monster of the cavern.

The girl stopped by the fire and having stirred the embers into a blaze, she turned to Darcy and said:

"If you will please excuse me, I shall return in a moment."

With this she took up the small lantern she had been carrying, and turning, walked hastily into one of the passages leading from the chamber and disappeared.

Darcy stood watching her till she vanished from sight, perplexed and mystified.

Try as he would, he could but only grow more perplexed as he sought to fathom the mystery.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he heard a step behind him, and turning quickly, he found himself face to face with Danglers, the outlaw.

"Betrayed!"

The exclamation came in a gasp from his throat.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LONE CABIN—A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

As Darcy turned to confront the outlaw leader there was a hasty step behind him, and the forms of Bates and Juan leaped quickly from the shadows and seized the youth in a grip of iron.

Before he had time to recover from the surprise the sudden appearance of the outlaws had occasioned, he was securely bound.

Then, at a signal from the leader, he was hurried away into a narrow passage, with the warning that if he resisted he would be roughly dealt with.

Darcy realized how useless it would be to offer any protest to the manner in which he was treated, and quietly submitted to being led away.

"I reckon we have got the youngster foul this time," chuckled Bates, as he rudely pushed Darcy along the rocky passage. "Our little scheme worked like a charm. Nothin' like havin' good decoys when ye're huntin' sich ducks as this."

A coarse, chuckling laugh came from the man's lips as he said this.

Darcy heard the words with a strange feeling of chagrin and perplexity.

It was true, then, that he had been decoyed to the place by the strange girl? It seemed impossible, yet the proofs were complete.

He was conducted along the passage for a quarter of a mile, it seemed to Darcy, when at last they emerged from the cavern. A glance showed the youth that he was in a little nook, walled in by high rocks, and covered with a thick growth of trees.

In the midst of the trees stood what appeared to be a house of some sort, and on drawing nearer, Darcy perceived that it was a rude log structure, with a chimney at one end, from which smoke was issuing.

The door was unfastened and Darcy was conducted to the inside. A small fire burned on the hearth, the flame revealing some rolls of blankets in a corner, a few rude stools, some cooking utensils, and a supply of provisions.

The cabin was an ancient structure, and signs of decay were visible about its mouldering walls and floor. That it had once served as the habitation of some prospector or hunter, Darcy had no doubt, and had evidently remained empty for years till the coming of the outlaw gang.

"Now, my young feller," said Bates, as they came into the cabin, "ye see we have got yer agin. It won't pay ter fool with us any more. Come, where is the treasure? Spit it out, an' be quick about it"

"I have told you that I know nothing of its whereabouts," replied Darcy.

"All right," nodded Bates. "We hain't got no time ter fool with ye, an' after ye've stayed hyar about a week, mebby ye'll have sense enough ter open yer mouth."

"I guess we had better put him on light fare for a few days," suggested Danglers, with a nod.

"That's the medicine," replied Bates. "Come, youngster," he added, pushing Darcy toward a ladder that led to the loft above, "I reckon it will be safer for ye to put ye in the upper story."

Darcy was compelled to mount the ladder and soon found himself in a low room, the cracked, sloping roof against his head.

He was pushed back against the wall, where he was securely fastened to one of the logs by means of a long lasso.

When the work was accomplished the man descended without a word, and rejoined his companions below.

Through a crack in the floor Darcy could see the men sitting in a little group conversing in low tones.

They kept this up for an hour, and then rolling themselves in their blankets, they were soon asleep.

Darcy was sitting with his back to the wall, fastened in such a way that it was impossible for him to lie down or rise up, but leaning against the logs he managed to get in a not uncomfortable position.

He blamed himself severely for having fallen, for the second time, into a trap set for him. He should not have deserted his post, he reasoned, without having notified his friends; then there might have been some chance of his being rescued from his captors, but now, as he reflected over his situation, he saw how little use it was to expect help from them.

During his reflections the face of Juanita

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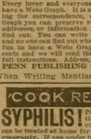

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The Phantom Bicyclist.

(Continued.)

came before him. Who was she, and could it be possible that she had been in conspiracy with such men as now held him captive?

It must be so, yet he was inclined to doubt the very evidence of his senses.

It was more than likely that his captors would not give him a chance to make his escape the second time.

His predicament was a grave one.

It was evident that his captors considered that he was quite securely bound, for they slept peacefully, their loud breathing plainly audible.

Darcy tried the cords, attempted to slip his hands from them, but all of no avail.

For hours he worked, pulling at his bonds till his arms ached. It must have been well on toward daylight when he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight and the red rays of the morning sun were coming through the cracked roof.

He gazed about him, hardly able to realize where he was or what had taken place.

Then as memory returned, he leaned over and looked into the room below.

No one was there.

The gang of outlaws had evidently eaten their breakfasts and gone away, for there was a fire burning, and a smell of roasted meat came through the cracks in the flooring.

He listened but could hear nothing of the men. His position was a cramped one, and though he had slept soundly, considering his unpleasant position, he felt stiff and sore.

The smell of the meat assailed his nostrils most pleasantly, and he suddenly became aware that he was hungry.

He thought it most unhospitable of his captors not to have given him his breakfast but it seemed as if they had considered that he needed rest more than food.

It was more than likely that the cabin was in an isolated spot where there would be little or no chance of his being discovered by his companions, who, he felt sure, must now be searching for him.

What must they think of his strange absence.

The thought worried him more than a little. He should have acted with more discretion and not ventured to leave his post without notifying his friends.

However, he was now paying dearly for his folly.

He straightened himself up as best he could and prepared to await the return of his captors. How long would they leave him thus alone, in his helpless position, was a question that caused him no little concern.

Might they never return?

The very suggestion of being left to perish alone in the deserted cabin sent a shiver through his frame.

He passed the time as best he could, vainly trying to hit upon some plan by which he might sever his bonds, but he was balked at every turn.

He could not so much as move an inch away from the logs to which he was bound and to attempt to break the cords was worse than useless.

Thus the hours dragged away.

At near noon, as he reckoned, he heard voices and a few minutes later the door of the cabin was opened and Bates entered, followed by Danglers.

The two glanced about the room as if to assure themselves that no one had visited the place in their absence, then Bates mounted the ladder and the next instant his head appeared above the boards.

He glanced at Darcy, uttering a grunt of satisfaction as he noticed that the youth was still safely bound where he had been left.

"I reckon ye've about made up yer mind ter talk?" he said, gazing questioningly at Darcy.

"It does no good for me to talk to you," replied Darcy. "You can accomplish nothing by keeping me here and you may get yourselves into trouble in the end."

"Then ye won't tell us whar the treasure is hid?"

"I have nothing to say," returned Darcy, doggedly.

"Then we'll haf ter bid ye good day. We may drap in an' see ye agin in the course uv a week er two."

With this he descended the ladder and after ashort consultation, the two men left the cabin, fastened the door, and were gone.

In next week's issue further chapters of this extremely interesting story will appear. Any reader desiring to subscribe will find special premiums offered by the Ledger on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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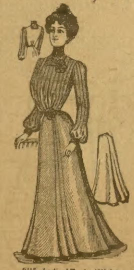

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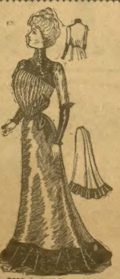

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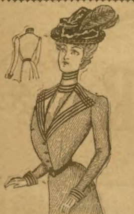

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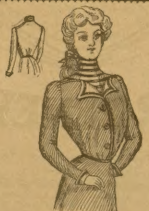

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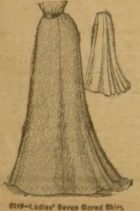

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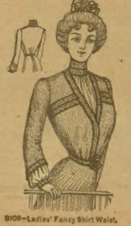

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Home, Sweet Home.
I Ain't Going to Die no More.
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I Heard a Wee Bird Singing.
I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound.
I'm o'er Young to Marry Yet.
I've Just Come from the Fountain.
Judgment Day is Rolling 'Round.
Kissing on the Sly.
Kiss Me Quick and Go.
Larboard Watch.
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Little Maggie May.
Maggie by my Side.
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Miss Wrinkle.
Molly, Put the Kettle On!
My Country 'tis of Thee.
My Johnny was a Shoemaker.
My Way's Cloudy.
Nelly of the Hazel Dell.
Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.
Oft in the Stilly Night.
Oh! Had I Wings like a Dove.
Oh! I Should Like to Marry.
Oh! Susanna.
Oh! Why do you Tease us.
Oh! Would I were a Bird.
Old Grimes.
Old King Cole.
Our Flag is There.
O Whistle and I'll Come to You.
O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.
Paddle Your Own Canoe.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.
Roll, Jordan, Roll.
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace Bled.
Seesaw, Margery Daw.
See, the Conquering Hero Comes.
Steal Away.
Swing low, Sweet Chariot.
The Arm Chair.
The Charming Young Widow.
The Cork Leg.
The Danube River.
The Dustman.
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.
The Little Brown Jug.
Then You'll Remember Me.
The Old Armchair.
The Pauper's Drive.
The Pilgrim Fathers.
There is a Green Hill Far Away.
There was a Jolly Miller.
There was an Old Woman.
The Spider and the Fly.
The Sword of Bunker Hill.
The Water-Mill.
Thou art Gone from my Gaze.
Turn Back Pharaoh's Army.
Wait for the Wagon.
We'd better Bide a Wee.
We Meet by Chance.
We're a'Noddin'
What are the Wild Waves Saying.
When we went Gipseying.
When You and I were Young.
Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid?
Where was Moses when the Light Went Out?
Whoa! Emma!
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

How Chaffee Coached a Coward.

It was at El Caney. Several companies were detailed to dig trenches and the Spanish sharpshooters were potting at them from treetops and clumps of bushes on the hillsides. Presently the firing became so severe that the men were ordered to drop their tools and return it. About this time General Chaffee came along on foot looking over the situation. In the bottom of one of the trenches he saw a soldier lying flat on his face, while the man next to him kicked him in the intervals of firing.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked General Chaffee of the speaker. "Is he wounded?"

"No, sir," said the soldier, saluting. The prostrate man made no motion.

"Sun, then?" asked the general, for there were many cases of collapse from heat under the bitter glare of the Cuban afternoons.

"I don't know, sir," replied the soldier in embarrassment.

All this time the bullets were whistling around and the soldier had risen from his crouching posture, and was standing at salute.

"Don't stand there and expose yourself, my man," said General Chaffee, kindly, although he himself had been standing in full range all the time. Now he walked over to the grovelling soldier, took him by the collar and hauled him to a sitting posture.

"What do you mean by lying there?" he said sternly. "Get up and fight with your company."

"No, I can't," whined the fellow.

"Can't," said the general. "Well, you're a fine soldier! What business have you got here? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm afraid: that's what's the matter with me," said the soldier, doggedly, trying to wrest his collar from the grasp of the other and trying in vain, for General Chaffee has muscles of steel.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man's neighbor, saluting again. "I think the kid's been sick, sir."

He twisted his captive about to get a good look at him, and his face, which had grown set and angry, softened at what he saw.

"Now, see here," said he kindly. "You can't help being frightened, I suppose. But there isn't nearly so much danger as you think there is. You just pick up your gun and take your position and fight and I'll stand here by you till you get used to it."

Shaking like a leaf the boy seized his gun and fired a shot almost straight up in the air.

"That's a little high," said his instructor. "Try it lower and take a little more time to aim. There's a Spaniard in that green thicket straight in front of you, I think."

After three or four shots the young soldier got his nerve, stopped trembling and began to shoot with some accuracy and judgment.

"That's better," said General Chaffee, as he moved away. "Stay there and do your best."

Sagacious Rat.

One day a well fed and sagacious rat came across an object made of stout wires, whose sole occupation seemed to be to take care of a liberal piece of cheese. Having had several years' experience with men and their machinations, the rat looked the ground over with great care, and he was still engaged in this occupation when a mouse appeared and wanted to know what was up.

"Why, the fact is," replied the rat, "I have more cheese here than I can possibly eat at one meal, and as cheese quickly spoils in this climate, I was waiting for some one to come along and accept a portion."

"You are very, very generous," said the mouse.

"Don't mention it. Just step inside and pass the cheese out, will you?"

The mouse no sooner nibbled at the bait than there was a crash, and he found himself trapped. z

"Ah, that's the way it works, is it?" queried the rat. "I couldn't just make it out. Um! I see. Spring there somewhere. Very good idea."

"But I'm caught!" exclaimed the mouse, in great agitation.

"So I observe."

"And what's to be done?"

"Well, I leave that for you to decide. I let you in on the ground floor, and my responsibilities cease there. Fine day. Hope we shall have a large harvest."

There is a good moral to this anecdote. Think it out.

Told the Story.

In the life of Sir George Grey, one of England's explorers and statesmen, is a pleasant story of his meeting with some boys in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Lads and lassies were his delight.

"There is something in old age," he said, "that likes to have a young mind clinging to it." He took great pleasure in lingering at the museum and watching the stream of visitors. One day he saw half a dozen boys gathered about an interesting specimen. Presently they noticed Sir George, and a delegate approached with the request:

"Please, sir, can you tell us the name of this creature?"

Strangely enough it was a specimen which he had sent home from Australia. He named it, and then the lad asked:

"Where did it come from?"

He told them that, and the next question came:

"Who killed it?"

A pucker gathered upon Sir George's face, and he hesitated, arguing with himself:

"If I tell them they'll think me an imposter, and perhaps discount the other information I've given them."

But the boy was waiting, and Sir George could only say: "Frankly, you know, I believe I killed it myself."

"Here, you fellows!" rang out the lad's merry voice. "He says he killed it! Did you ever!"

The other boys left the animal to stare at what they considered even a greater curiosity. They formed a half-circle about him. "Oh, yes," said Sir George, "it's quite true. Now, if you'll listen I'll tell you the whole story, and then you can decide for yourselves."

He began, and their amused incredulity vanished. They listened breathlessly, and when he finished, hats and caps were off, and they chorused: "Thank you, sir."

It was a memorable afternoon.

An Imitator of Franklin.

A boy in France was recently an involuntary imitator of Franklin in his kite-and-lightning experiment. He had sent his kite up to a great height, and was watching it with all the pleasure peculiar to that fascinating sport, when he suddenly saw a thunderstorm approaching.

Becoming alarmed for its safety, and perhaps for his own, he began to draw in his cord as fast as he could. While the kite was still two or three hundred feet above the earth, however, there was a flash of lightning, and the boy was thrown into the air, and fell ten or twelve feet away. The lightning had struck the kite, and had gone down the cord and through the boy's body into the earth.

Strange to say, he escaped with comparatively trifling injuries, the nails of his left hand being turned blue, and his fingers being burned and blistered.

Adventures of a Cat.

We have a beautiful black and white cat. He came to us about a year ago as a tramp. We took him in and he has stayed with us ever since. His name is Dick. One day, when the plumbers were fixing our house, mother was fondling Dick. All of a sudden a rat ran out from underneath some boards. Dick at once sprang from mother's arms and caught him at one bound. He played with the rat for some time and then ate it up. We have a brook running through our place, and one sultry afternoon in summer Dick went down to the brook to catch a snake. After watching for some time he caught one. He played with it, tossed it up in the air and then he would catch it again. After being tired of it he let the snake go its way. Dick is a very cunning cat, and will sleep sometimes for a whole day. He will only eat certain things, and if he stays out at night he generally comes back with a cut or a bruise somewhere on his body.

The Monkey and the Dog.

Cut a round piece of cardboard fous inches across. One one side of it paste or draw the figure of a monkey, on the other side that of a dog. Bore two holes through the card, near the edges and opposite each other, fastening in each opening a double string. Put your thumbs through the loops, twist the cards and pull gently on the strings. The card will whirl, and the monkey will seem to move from his side of the "fence" and seat himself upon the dog's back.

Arthur's Gladness.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Arthur, all out of breath, "I've just been playing with the Goodwin children, and they have the measles at their house. Now can I eat all the cake I want to, 'cause you know I'm going to be sick, anyway?"

Johnny's Heroism.

"This won't do," exclaimed Mrs. Fox excitedly, "there's thirteen at table."

"Never mind me," shouted little Johnny, "I kin eat for two."

A high-class preparation in every way.
If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

Restores Color to Gray Hair.

"I can truthfully say that Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the finest hair preparation I have ever known. Only one bottle of it completely restored my hair to its original color. When I began its use my hair was perfectly white and was very thin, but your Renewer has made my hair grow rapidly, and it is soft and fine."

GEORGE RAMSOUR,
Feb. 3, 1900. Old Fort, N. C.

Checks Falling of the Hair.

"I was troubled for a number of years with my hair falling out, and many times bald spots would appear. As I am a druggist of fourteen years' experience, I tried everything in the line of hair tonics, but without benefit. Then I thought I would try Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and I must say that I cannot recommend it too highly. From the very start it stopped all falling of my hair, and now I have as nice a head of hair as any one could possibly wish. You can rely upon me, now, to push Hall's Hair Renewer every opportunity I have."

H. B. STARK,
Jan. 6, 1900. Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Makes the Hair Grow.

"My hair was nearly all gone and my scalp was half an inch thick with dandruff. I tried everything I could get hold of to cure it, but without effect. When I came to New York, a friend of mine recommended Hall's Hair Renewer, telling me it was something wonderful. I tried two bottles, and I am more than pleased to say it did wonders for me. I am more than grateful to you for the abundance of hair and the clean scalp I now have."

DAISY MAY,
Jan. 10, 1900. Hasbrouch Heights, N. J.

Cures Dandruff.

"About two years ago I had erysipelas in my face, extending up into my hair. It left my scalp in bad shape. I suffered so much from itching of the head that I was ashamed to go into company, and my scalp was covered with thick dandruff. But I am happy to say that Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer healed the soreness, took away the itching, and made my scalp entirely free from dandruff. I cannot recommend your Renewer too highly."

MAY CAVANAGH,
Jan. 6, 1900. Ipswich, Mass.

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